

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

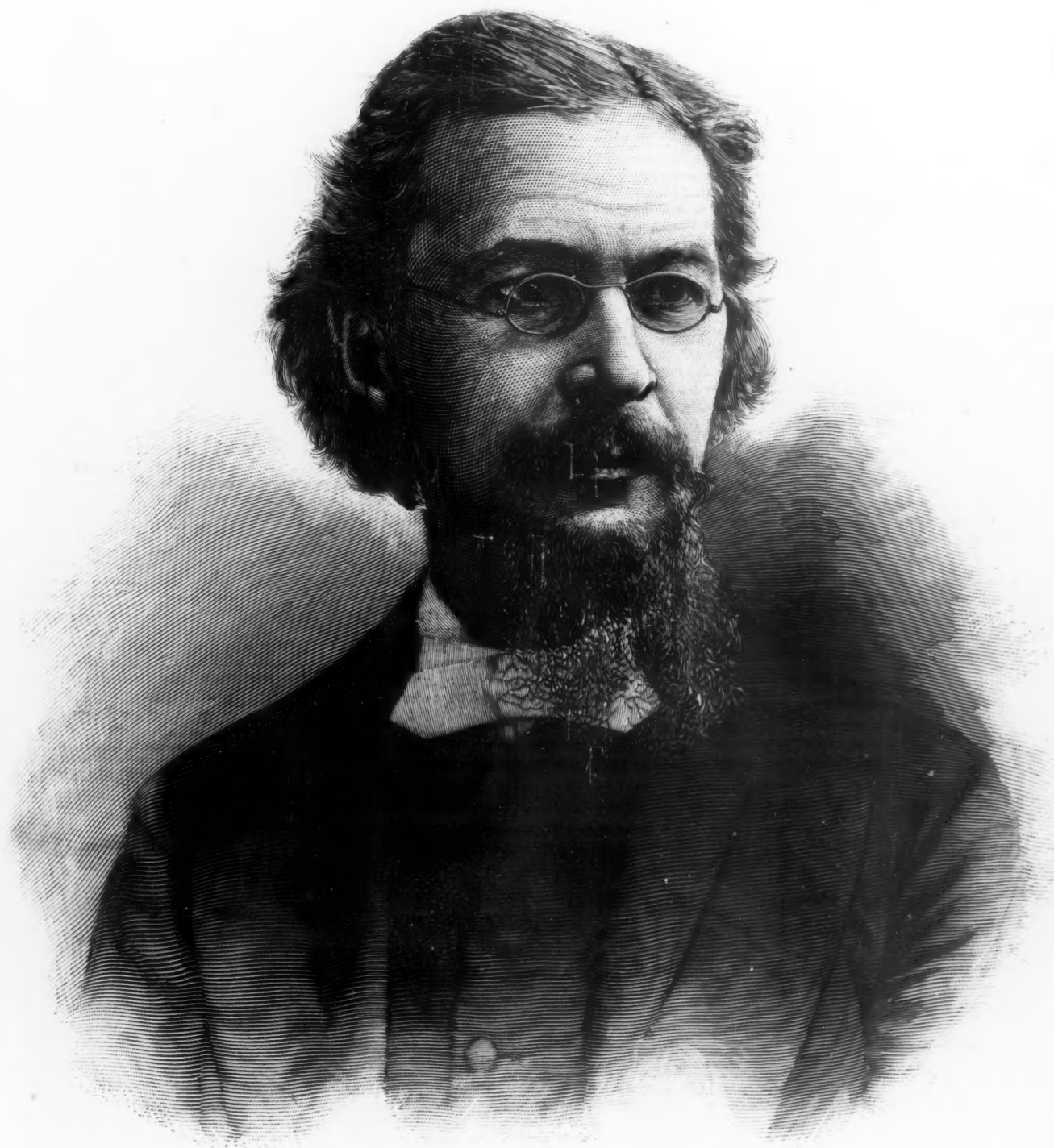
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1894.

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ONCE A WEEK

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 523 West 14th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 14th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK," Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

PRIME MINISTER TRICOUPI of Greece is reducing the expenses of the Navy, War and Public Works Departments. That is right. Now let the Triple Alliance and England, France and Russia stop their foolishness.

Just before sailing for Egypt, on the 4th inst., for the good of his health, Andrew Carnegie told a New York reporter that he is not afraid of an income tax, and that he would like to see so low a tariff that it would be a permanent one.

PAUL BOURGET, the eminent French novelist, knows where to find material for a high-class, wicked novel that will be a real Cosmopolis. He visited Superintendent Byrnes at Police Headquarters, in New York, last week, and looked through the Rogues' Gallery and Museum connected with the Detective Bureau.

AFTER the President escapes from Mr. Boutelle's Hawaiian resolution, and the cross-fire that will rake the Wilson Bill, he will be called upon to accept a Holstein cow, purchased for him by an anonymous New Yorker from J. A. Sanford, of Goshen, N. Y. Here is hoping that cow may never kick the pail over after it is filled.

EMPEROR WILLIAM invariably does something odd about New Year's. His brother, Prince Henry, was giving a ball at Kiel, on the Baltic, when the Kaiser sought out the back stairs of the castle and dropped in on the dancers before they knew he was in town. The castle was full of guests, and his majesty had to put up with a shake-down in his brother's study.

In attempting to remove Jules Arsene Garnier's celebrated picture, "Le Roi S'Amuse," from the Laclède Building in St. Louis, last week, it was irretrievably ruined through the carelessness of an elevator boy. The picture was regarded as Garnier's masterpiece, and valued at one hundred thousand dollars. It belonged to the estate of the late S. A. Coale, of St. Louis.

KING HUMBERT has sent sixty thousand troops to Sicily to suppress the anti-tax riots; but as the Sicilians have little money, and are determined to resist the total confiscation of their homes, it is not probable the soldiers will prove profitable tax-gatherers for United Italy. But Signor Crispi, who is now at the head of affairs, believes in a strong government, and the Sicilians will feel the weight of it.

WHY is this? In Europe anarchism, riots, bloodshed usually attend or follow severe depression and destitution among the people. In this country, during the recent hard times, both the unemployed and the employed were unusually good-natured. It is because the great body of American workmen know how to wait and bide their time. They know they can rule through the ballot. Politicians and others would do well to take notice.

We don't like some of Dr. Parkhurst's ways; but, as the modest and magnanimous boss remarked, he means well, and we must look more to motives than methods in his case. He has staggered the whole crowd of recalcitrant officials by his pertinacity, grit and unflinching

determination. A man who can make such a stir is worthy of being introduced pictorially to our four hundred thousand readers, and we give his picture, admirably executed, on our front page this week.

BROTHER WATKIN WYNNE, of the Sydney Daily Telegraph, was arrested by a United States deputy marshal at New York quarantine last week, because he looked like an absconding Bank of England official. After establishing his identity Mr. Wynne was released with apologies. If the Daily Telegraph roasts Uncle Sam for this, it will be a merited punishment. The idea of taking a newspaper man for even an honest bank official is too absurd; taking a journalist for a dishonest bank official is refined cruelty.

THE floral tributes at the funeral of the late Earl of Warwick were very lovely, and included an exquisite wreath from the Prince of Wales. It had an outer ring of heather, and an inner circle of white lilies, roses and orchids. From the top sprang a Prince of Wales's plume, done in Neapolitan violets. Attached was a card bearing the words: "A token of sincere regard from the Prince of Wales." The children of Lord and Lady Brooke sent one formed of camelias, azaleas, arum lilies, hyacinths and croton leaves.

HERE is a nice new law point raised by a smart Pennsylvania lawyer: A number of citizens of Reading, Pa., were fined for not submitting to vaccination. Counsel argued, on appeal, last week, that compulsory vaccination is unconstitutional, on the ground that it is an enforcement of a scientific theory in which all people may not have confidence. Decision was reserved. It will interest many American mothers, whose healthy children are often made sick for several weeks while the vaccine is "working," to know what legal rights they have in the premises.

JOHN J. O'LEARY, of the New York mail delivery department, went to Catskill, the day before New Year's, to marry a Miss Beauchamp, to whom he became engaged during his vacation last summer. Arriving at the village, he invited his betrothed to a ball. She refused, and the engagement was broken off. He went to the ball alone, became acquainted with Miss Libbie Saulspough, to whom he was married next day. They live on the West Side of New York, as happy as their courtship was short. These New York mail clerks have no time to lose on small affairs.

NERO, the young performing lion, is injured in a New York museum, and his owners promptly take him to the veterinary surgeon, Dr. Aruling. A few days later the boxing kangaroo is treated by the same fearless surgeon for stiff joints. An uptown lady with a fad for pug dogs gave her pet a Christmas tree. A New York truck-driver cannot give a sulking horse an extra lash with the whip to let him know who is driving without being arrested by the Humane Society. All over town dumb brutes are carefully preserved from acquaintanceship with pain, and are not allowed to die without justifying cause and circumstance.

THOUGH the ambulance surgeons occasionally make a sad mistake and seem to have an excessive prejudice against real or suspected cases of alcoholism, to such an extent as to leave unfortunate human beings to die occasionally; yet, as a rule, the young men in the New York emergency corps are singularly patient and prompt. The case of the printer, Michael Barron, who was refused admission to Gouverneur Hospital, the morning after New Year's, is being investigated. Two ambulance surgeons pronounced his case of alcoholism, though it has since developed that the unfortunate man died from injuries of the skull and ribs, received by falling down an air-shaft.

POLICE raids are not unearthing the anarchists France is looking for. Most of the captures turn out to be common thieves and petty criminals. It is a recognized fact, in police circles in this country, that professional criminals have a counter-detective system by which they watch the police. The Russian Nihilists have ways and means to circumvent the spies and detective bureaux of the Czar. The anarchists are no doubt working a skillful plan against the Hawkshaws of France. It is a humiliating admission to make, but it is true. Anarchism is becoming more and more defiant, and even a military republic, as France is, cannot combat the evil so effectually as an empire or a despotism, such as Germany or Russia.

SARAH BERNHARDT is very busy, just at present, studying her part in the forthcoming astonishingly religious drama by Armand Silvestre. The action is supposed to take place seven centuries before the Christian era; the story of Izeil, the heroine, being somewhat similar to that of Mary Magdalen. The scene is laid in some remote part of India, and has all the gorgeous coloring of tropical climes. In the third act Izeil's house, covered with roses and gold dust, will be a masterpiece of scenic effect. Under this ultra-ornamented roof, however, poor Izeil will undergo direful torture; and the last act shows her to the public insulted by a furious mob, her eyes blinded with hot irons, and dying

before a grave dug for her. But the great sensation is that Sarah is to appear constantly on the scene with bare feet. So, madam, the enchantress has a woman pedicure coming every day to polish her toe-nails, and rub her feet with unguents and cosmetics. The accessories will be numerous and most gorgeous, but all these are details. *Tout Paris ira voir la belle Sarah pieds nus.*

THE REIGN OF THE JUDICIARY.

SEVERAL years ago the United States Supreme Court decided that a tariff on imports, laid for the purpose of protecting home industries against foreign competition, is constitutional, on the ground that it promotes the general welfare. Newspapers and politicians may forget this, but the decision stands.

More recently Congress attempted to abolish polygamy in Utah, and passed the Edmunds Bill. It was the Federal judiciary that undertook the work of abolition, and the results, so far, are to be credited to it.

Within two years the Supreme Court of Ohio put an end to the trust features of the Standard Oil Company, and that powerful corporation has acquiesced. The company is now doing business on the merits of its superior facilities, unlimited capital, and thorough organization.

The Federal courts have also given the only practical solution of the industrial problem, with particular reference to the strike and the boycott. The Federal court decisions in the Ann Arbor and Georgia Central railroad cases have become historic, and their effect upon the public thought and conscience will never be obliterated. The strike and boycott are doomed. The entering wedge has begun to do its work. There is no doubt that the peace and good order of the country during the stress and suffering of the recent depression are due to the wise, plain and popular decisions of the Federal courts, speaking on the general subject of capital and labor, and their respective relations to the public.

Within a few months the United States courts have been asked to unravel several railroad tangles. Receiverships are the order of the day. It is true, English investors have begun to cry out against the Atchison receivership and others. But the courts have taken possession of these railroads to protect the interests of all parties. English investors never said anything against the Atchison and other affairs, so long as they were drawing fat dividends. They have no right to complain now when the "financiering" of the past is being looked into. They were part, parcel and gainers in that "financiering." The courts will take care of all parties interested, pro rata. This is the reign of the judiciary.

MINIATURES.

THERE has been nothing more delightful in the way of fashionable fads for a long time, than the revival of the demand for miniature paintings. There is a beauty and a romance about these exquisite gems of artistic portraiture, which must appeal to every being endowed with a particle of taste or sentiment.

The picture of a beloved face is the most precious possession one can own. It is perhaps safe to say that photography, of all the arts, useful or otherwise, is the one which bestows the greatest amount of pleasure on the human race. Miniature painting is the apotheosis of the art of portraiture. Not only does it reproduce every well-known line of the face, and its faithful expression, but the very glow of the cheek, the tint of the hair, the color of the eyes and lips, are, in the best examples of miniature painting, rendered with lifelike fidelity. A frame of gold, itself often a triumph of the metal-worker's art, sets off and completes this dainty and portable, though indeed somewhat costly, souvenir of a beloved one.

Little attention has hitherto been paid to the art in America, but a certain revival of taste in that direction is now stimulating artists to make a study of it. It is a most fascinating one, and while the fancy for it is at its height, is lucrative as well. To women who have a talent for portraiture, miniature painting should prove a delightful occupation. It is not laborious; but is, in fact, the very refinement and poetry of work. Mr. Gerald Sinclair Hayward, an English artist, has some fine examples of his own work on view at the Avery galleries.

DO IT AT ONCE.

THE Treasury is threatened with a deficit. The lowest estimate is \$28,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year. No matter what new taxes are imposed to make up the loss that will come, the first year, from a revision of the tariff, these new taxes will not furnish available funds for supplying the deficiency.

It is clear, therefore, that the Government must borrow. Secretary Carlisle proposes an issue of bonds at low interest, to be payable after a short time at the discretion of the Treasury. If this is not acceptable, it is proposed to issue a species of exchequer bill to pay current indebtedness. This latter is, substantially, the same species of loan as the certificates of indebtedness issued March 1, 1862, and which were quite useful at that time, and very popular.

If either of these two classes of loans be adopted, the

gold reserve against the \$500,000,000 of demand notes can be maintained, cash transactions of the Government will run along smoothly, and the present industrial depression will not be aggravated by governmental financial straits.

The responsible majority in Congress must make provision for the current expenditures before touching the present revenue laws. And they must do it at once, or abandon tariff revision at once.

MISS CARRIE HUMPHRIES and Mr. Walter L. Kent were married in South Brooklyn in 1879. In 1890 the wife secured a divorce. There were four children. The court ordered Henry L. Kent, the millionaire father-in-law, custody of two of the children if he would provide for the support of the mother and all of the children. The mother refused to surrender the children on any terms. Not only that, she brought suit against the father-in-law for one hundred thousand dollars for malicious libel, uttered during the trial for divorce. While the suit was pending the defendant died, leaving an estate of four million dollars. In his will Henry L. Kent devised a life interest in one-fourth of the estate to his wife, and left the rest to be administered as a trust by two sons-in-law. Without any assistance except her own scanty savings, the young mother has finally succeeded in breaking that part of the will which is a trust. Walter Kent, who was cut off without a penny in the will, is now entitled to his share as though no will had been made. The interests of the divorced wife and her children will also be guarded.

MR. SAM M. HALL, clerk in an Atlanta, Ga., coffin factory, has developed such a talent for society that he has all the best people of that place invited to buy his collection of bric-a-brac, etchings and articles de vertu, as well as the furnishings of his apartments at the Kimball House. After the sale, from which he expects to realize twenty-five thousand dollars, he proposes to come on here to New York to take care of the exclusives who are supposed to be grieved in something by Ward McAllister. Do the Four Hundred propose to hire a Hall?

MINISTER WILLIS has called upon the Provisional Government of Hawaii to make way for the queen. President Dole and his supporters refuse to accede. President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham, after the receipt of a five-thousand-word cipher dispatch from Willis, declined to give out further information on the 6th inst. A message, it was said, would be sent to Congress during the week. In the present divided condition of the Democratic party on the Hawaiian question, it will be a nice bit of diplomacy to bring us out of the affair with honor and profit.

DANIEL EGAN, motorman on the trolley car that ran over and killed little David Burke, in Flatbush, L. I., November 18 last, died at his home in Flatbush last week. After the tragedy the unfortunate man went from bad to worse, physically and mentally, and finally succumbed to pneumonia. In his last delirium mutters of the trolley floated before him. He uttered in pathetic incoherence: "Let go the brake!" "Let on the power!" and the image of the child he killed never left him until his distracted brain went to sleep, at last, in death.

UNDER the floor of the Agricultural Building at the World's Fair grounds, Chicago, a sumptuously furnished robbers' roost has been discovered by the police. The robbers escaped, but much valuable stolen property has been recovered. The den was furnished with Turkish rugs, fabrics from foreign looms, rich draperies and comfortable divans. Imported brandies, high-priced wines and cigars were scattered about in profusion. It is believed the thieving has been in progress since the close of the Fair.

TOLEDO opened the fire record for the year with an estimated loss of half a million dollars, on the night of the 3d inst. Two grain elevators, the five-story business block known as the Chamber of Commerce Building, and many smaller properties were totally or partially destroyed. The fire departments from Detroit and Adrian, Mich., arrived before the fire was under control, and rendered valuable service in checking the flames. Cleveland also responded promptly.

FRANKLIN GROVE, Ill., has a remarkable kind of a bank. The stockholders are all retired farmers. It had a burglar proof safe in its vaults until the night of January 2, when burglars blew it open. There were twenty-five thousand dollars in it. The burglars got less than five thousand, the rest of the cash being blown into bits of paper twisted and mixed up with plaster and debris.

UNDERTAKER J. E. ZENT, of Buffalo, is charged by Health Commissioner Wende with causing the spread of diphtheria, from which six persons died, by opening the coffin of Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson at the grave, so that friends and relatives could view the body. Commissioner Wende has made his complaint to the New York State Board of Health.

THE Brunswick, Ga., City Council, discharged E. A. Nelson, City Clerk and Treasurer, last week, because he could not be found, and is charged with stealing from thirty to fifty thousand dollars from the city.

THE gold balance in the Treasury decreased about \$6,000,000 last week. During the same time Wall Street deposits increased \$12,000,000; money was easy and speculation was unusually active.

THE Sierra Leone incident turns out to be a mistake. The French officer who ordered his troops to fire upon the English made a dying statement that he thought the latter were native troops.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL ENGLEY, of Colorado, refused legal advice to Governor Waite, and now stands a chance of impeachment.

IRISH Nationalists threaten the overthrow of the Gladstone Ministry unless Home Rule is kept at the head of the programme.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW opposes an income tax, saying among other things that the rich could evade its full enforcement.

THE treaty between Germany and Russia has been drawn up in French, so as to avoid mistakes in interpretation.

It is reported from Rome that Delegate Satolli will be elevated to the cardinalate at the Consistory in March.

GERMANY is reported to be using the Sicilian outbreak to stir up war between France and Italy.

THE Bank of England has been examined and found all right.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ALBANY.

AMONG the first deaths of distinguished personages in the year 1894, is that of Right Rev. Francis McNeirny, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Albany, who expired suddenly of pneumonia, on the 2d inst., at the episcopal residence. He was born in New York City, in the parish of the old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott Street, and soon after his ordination as priest became the private secretary of the great Archbishop Hughes, through whose influence he was raised to the episcopacy in 1872. His



RT. REV. FRANCIS McNEIRNY, LATE CATHOLIC BISHOP OF ALBANY.

consecration took place at the old cathedral, a circumstance which the distinguished prelate always recalled with pious affection. Bishop McNeirny was highly esteemed by all classes in Albany, and was noted for his simple piety, unostentatious charity and never-failing courtesy. His death occurred at 8:35 P.M., when he quietly passed away, surrounded by his faithful priests; and sixty-five peals of the Cathedral chimes announced his death and the years of his life.

DEATH OF ADOLPH SANGER.

ADOLPH SANGER, President of the Board of Education of this city, expired on the 3d inst., after only four days' illness. He was a native of Baton Rouge, La.; but forty-four years of his life were passed in this city, where he was well known and highly respected in every relation of life. Being a lawyer of good standing, his ambition was to become a judge; but it was never gratified, for one reason or another, and his public career was bounded by an election as President of the Board of Aldermen, Presidential Elector and executive head of the Board of Education. In all these capacities he acquitted himself with honor. His funeral took place on the 5th inst., at the Temple Emanu-El, Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, attended by an immense array of public notabilities and personal friends.

A JUVENILE READER.

WE have received the following interesting letter from a reader only ten years old, who makes but one mistake in his solution of the Christmas acrostic. If he had written *trumpet* instead of *trombone*, his answer would have been correct. But we congratulate Master Pridham on his industry and keenness, and predict for him a future. Such lads have become governors and presidents.

VICTORIA, TEXAS, Dec. 27th, 1893.

TO EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

Last night my papa brought home ONCE A WEEK, which he always gives to me. I am a little Texas boy ten years old. I think I made out the Christmas Acrostic, and mamma says I must send it; but I told her we lived so far away we would be away behind some people who live where you are and that it would not win, but my mamma says to send it, so here is what I make it out:

A pple.	C alendar.
M uff.	H armonica.
E lephant.	R ing.
R attle.	I nkstand.
R ose.	S kates.
Y acht.	T rombone.
	M itts.
	A rk.
	S cissors.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a little Texas boy ten years old, and I have been going to school for the best part of three sessions, and my teacher, Mr. Clements, is a good and kind teacher, and he says I must send to you. I think I will be a long ways behind, but if I don't win, please tell me if I am right.

Very respectfully, RICHARD OWENS PRIDHAM.

THE GAME OF GAMES.

IT is a refreshing change from the boisterous games of foot and baseball to the intellectual diversion of chess, which calls into active play the highest development of brain power. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we spread before our readers on page 13 the portraits of the leading college players in the series of great games lately engaged in by the most noted experts of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia Universities.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S STATUE.

AT the junction of One Hundred and Twenty-third Street and Manhattan and St. Nicholas Avenues, not far from the tomb of General Grant, a colossal bust supported by a tall, heavy granite base has been erected to the memory of another of the Union heroes, General Hancock.

This statue is the work of the long-known sculptor, Wilson MacDonald, and is a reproduction of a bust modeled from life, some years ago. It is a strong and noble head, and, from an artistic standpoint, greatly superior to the many very indifferent statues which adorn (?) our metropolis. It is not every figure, however great the mind may have been, that can be truthfully reproduced with a picturesque result, and most of the New York memorials to great men would have been better in the form of this one of General Hancock. The presentation to the city, by the members of the "Hancock Memorial Fund," took place in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, as illustrated. The table at which Mayor Gilroy is making his speech of acceptance is a valued relic of Washington, and illustrates his liking for solidity. The "boys" are growing old now, and preferred to hold the exercises within doors rather than risk the exposure of the usual unveiling ceremonies; and the tattered field flag, which is the most precious memorial they possess, is typical of the tattered remnant of the brave band who followed General Hancock in the war.—(See page 13.)

OUR SEWING COMPETITION.

AFTER some unavoidable delay, our Sewing Competition was brought to a close on Saturday, December 29, when the judges' decisions were received. The robes were inspected and the prizes awarded by the following three ladies, who kindly consented to serve on a special committee:

MRS. JOHN A. COCKERILL.
MRS. CHARLES H. RAYMOND.
MRS. HIRAM CLEAVER VON KROH.

We are enabled, by the kind permission of these ladies, to present our readers with their portraits.

The prizes were awarded purely with reference to the quality of the needlework, consequently some very beautiful robes were placed in a lower grade than other simpler ones which displayed a greater amount of fine hand-stitching. The result of the decisions is as follows:

First Prize—Gold thimble; awarded to Mrs. M. B. McGinty, Athens, Ga.

Second Prize—Mrs. Howard Keats James, 903 Scott Street, Covington, Ky.

Third Prize—Mrs. L. Brodherd, Superior, Neb.

The three robes next in order of merit after the prize ones, were those sent in by Miss Anna B. Buschman, Baltimore, Md.; Miss Harriet Stanley Mansfield, New Haven, Conn.; and Miss S. Elizabeth Whitmore, Greenville, S. C. Mrs. C. A. Pierson's, of Clifton, S. C., was also a very creditable piece of work. A very well made robe, sent by Miss Bertha Wahlen, of Phillipsburg, Mont., was very kindly donated to us by that young lady, for charitable purposes. In compliance with the intention of the lady, we have considered that the best way to carry out her charitable wish is to send the robe to the editor of the New York Herald, now engaged in the splendid work of distributing warm clothing to the poor.

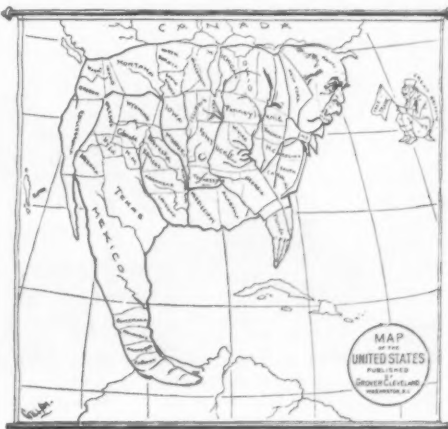
The robes have been sent back by express to their owners, except in the case of those who inclosed stamps for their return by mail. The prizes will be forwarded to the winners as soon as they can be made ready.

"MONSIEUR LECOQ," BY EMILE GABORIAU.

THE first part of "Monsieur Lecoq," the wonderful detective story of Parisian life, is mailed to all regular subscribers with the present issue of ONCE A WEEK. We will endeavor to supply the back installments to subscribers whose names are placed upon the mailing list during the next four weeks, but it will be necessary to subscribe at once in order to be reasonably sure of getting the three parts.

The plot of this magnificent specimen of the storyteller's art is so complicated, so frequently broken by sudden and surprising revelations, that it is impossible, in the narrow limits of a reading notice, to give the faintest idea of what it really is. The second volume of "Monsieur Lecoq" will be mailed with Vol. XII., No. 16, of ONCE A WEEK.

The Prince (to Eulalie)—"My dear, the people complain that they cannot and do not see sufficient of you."
Eulalie—Josephine! Josephine! I will wear my glass dress to-day.



ALL THAT THERE IS OF U.S.

REPRODUCED BY GEORGE L. BROWN.

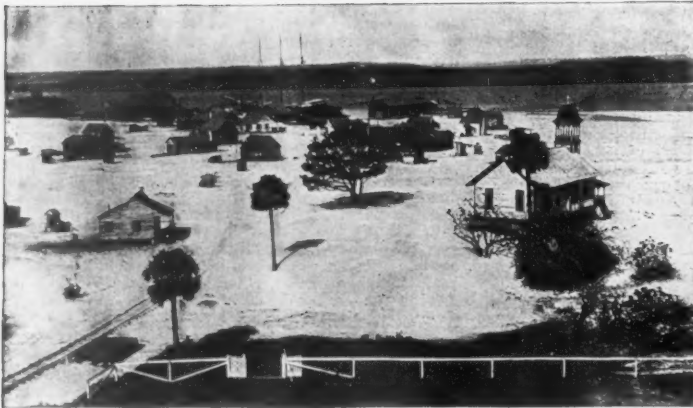
NEW YORK: 10 N. 4th St.

1894. No. 1. Price 10c.

From "Judge."



THE CORBETT-MITCHELL TRAINING QUARTERS.



THE FISHING VILLAGE OF MAYPORT, TAKEN FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.



THE WALLACE COTTAGE AT MAYPORT—THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CORBETT AND THE TRAINING PART.



THE TRAINING QUARTERS PROPER STAND WEST OF THE MAIN COTTAGE.



REAR VIEW OF THE STRETCH OF SEA BEACH ON WHICH THE COTTAGE STANDS.

The State of Florida is still trying to prevent the Corbett-Mitchell fight. Governor Mitchell may call out the State militia. In the meantime sports from the East will keep their money in their books, in larger rolls. It must be admitted the approaching fight attracts public attention—more people are interested than care to acknowledge it, and the betting is and will be very heavy. One of our artists has sent us the above very pretty sketches of the training grounds in Florida.



YE OLDE WYNDE MILLE, BUILT IN 1746.

EAST, one quarter north, two hundred and fifty miles out from New York, lies Columbia's sentinel, the "right little, tight little" (and, you might add, slight little island of Nantucket. It would seem that this narrow sandy crescent would have been swept away by the storms that have beaten against it, but for nearly three centuries Nantucket, like a new moon, has hung on the right horizon an omen of good luck to the millions that have poured from the old world into the new.

Some five centuries before Columbus was born, the hardy Norsemen, sailing the North Atlantic, found an island off the coast of what is now known as New England, and named it Nauticon. Seven centuries later, in 1602, Gosnold saw, in all probability, the very same island, but to the latter is given the credit of the discovery. Whether "Nantucket" is a corruption of the Norse "Nauticon," or the latter a corruption of the Indian "Nantuck-et," no one knows, but one thing is sure, and that is that the fable of the Indian chief with the three daughters, one of whom, Nan, took it (the island), has been exploded along with the story of William Tell and other yarns so dear to our childhood.

Forty years after Gosnold found the island, it was deeded to one Mayhew, of Martha's Vineyard, who, after holding it for twenty years, sold the island to the "sturdy Macy," immortalized by Whittier, and nine of his friends, for the sum of thirty pounds and two beaver hats to boot. Nantucket is about eighteen miles long and three wide, quite fertile (as New England goes), and, at that time, said to have had considerable forest (though that is hard to believe when you see the stunted pines planted forty years ago, yet hardly ten feet high now), and must have been quite a bargain, even in those days of dull real estate. Macy and his associates, after each had selected some portion of the island that suited him, placed the remaining land in one common estate, of which each associate was assigned an equal number of cow and sheep commons (the space of land required to feed one of those animals), and to this very day a considerable portion of the island is held in this shape, and a deed to any part of it is an instrument that passeth human understanding. A peaceful, pastoral, patriarchal sort of an existence was had for many years.

The island belonged to New York up to exactly two hundred years ago, as the musty records at Albany will

show, during which time it was known as the town of Sherburne. Why it should have been claimed by the Manhattanites no one seems to know, unless it was from the fact that Nantucket is part of the same terminal moraine that begins at Staten Island, and runs through Long and Block Islands. At any rate, in 1693 the Sherburnites asked to have their island assigned to Massachusetts, which was promptly done, and thereafter it was known as Nantucket.

About 1670 occurred an event which was the making of Nantucket. Whales had often been seen sporting in the heavy surf off shore, but no one had dared to tackle them. At that time, however, one of the huge mammals entered the landlocked harbor, and while floundering in the shallow water was attacked by the islanders and killed. Thereafter they began to discredit the story of one of Jonah's adventures, and, plucking up courage, commenced putting off shore a short distance in row-boats and attacking the huge fish in their own element, and, when they were successful, towed their prey ashore, where the oil was tried out. The whales soon discovered that the shoals around Nantucket were as dangerous to fish as to vessels, and kept out of sight of land. This necessitated the building of sailing craft, in which, though hardly of more than fifteen or twenty tons, the fearless Nantucketers began taking extended cruises. When these trips kept them out over night, the necessity for some beacon to light the harbor entrance was



BRANT POINT LIGHTHOUSE.



NANTUCKET TOWN AND HARBOR.



THE TOWN PUMP.

felt, and, in 1748, a rude light was constructed on Brant Point. This was the first lighthouse in the United States.

As their skill and courage kept pace with the increase in the size of their vessels, the breaking out of the Revolution found the Nantucketers as sturdy and bold a race of sailors as ever trod a vessel's deck, and there is hardly a ship since that time that has flown the stars and stripes but has had her "Long Tom Coffin" on board. What a wealth of romance and adventure surrounds the name of Nantucket, from our country's birth until the discovery of petroleum killed the whaling industry! In those days Nantucket lighted the world. Her vessels fretted every sea, and carried the Stars and Stripes from pole to pole.

Speaking of the "Long Tom Coffin," immortalized by Cooper in his stirring sea-tale, "The Pilot," it may not be amiss to state that this man, whose real name was Reuben Chase, was a middy on the *Bonhomme Richard* in her fight with the *Serapis*. No one seems to know where Cooper met Chase, but as they both were in our navy, they probably got acquainted while serving a common country. Many yarns are still spun, in the dog-watches, of Chase's bravery and strength. Reuben had a sister, Deborah, who must have been an Amazon in strength, if a couple of stories that are told of her are true. While living in New York, when the streets were narrow and the sidewalks narrower still, Deborah was greatly annoyed by a drayman, who persisted in hitting the house with his wagon while round-

ing the corner on which she lived. One day the drayman struck the house a blow that rattled the windows and brought the wagon up, all standing. Deborah rushed out and tipped the entire outfit, man, horse, wagon and all, completely over in the street. The drayman found it convenient to turn some other corner, after that. When she was living on Nantucket, a Quaker, one William Rotch, kept store in his building, now owned by the Pacific Club, and which is used as a custom-house and weather bureau station. One day Deborah jokingly asked the Quaker if she could have a barrel of flour, provided she carried it home unaided. Rotch assenting, she promptly seized a barrel. "Deborah, thou wilt strain thyself!" exclaimed the Quaker. "No danger of that!" answered the woman, as she walked out of the store with her prize. This William Rotch was the owner of the *Dartmouth* and *Beaver*, the ships that figured so prominently in the tea party held in Boston Har-

bor a century or so ago. He was also owner of the *Bedford*, that arrived at London February 3, 1783, being the first ship to fly the United States flag in a British port.

Nantucket has always had fine schools, and to the thorough education obtained while they were boys may be attributed the high rank which her sailors always attained. One of the schools, which is of peculiar interest, is the Coffin School, established, in 1826, by an English baronet, Sir Isaac Coffin, who took a great interest in his numerous Nantucket cousins. It is said that this act cost him an earldom, for, in 1832, when William IV. was creating new peers, in order to pass the Reform Bill, and wished to make Sir Isaac Earl of Magdalen, the fact that he had materially aided in elevating American seamanship was urged against him by the ministers with such effect that he was dropped from William's little list. The school is well equipped, has an endowment of over fifty thousand dollars, has headed thousands of Nantucketers on the right course, and it is doubtful if the baronet could have a better or more enduring monument to his memory.

A great many famous men and women have sprung from the little sea-washed sand-heap off the Massachusetts coast. Abiah Folger, the mother of Franklin; Abigail Macy, who gave us the War Secretary, Stanton; Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer of Vassar; Lucretia Mott, Anna Gardner, who called the abolitionist meeting on Nantucket where Frederick Douglass made his debut as a public speaker, are some of the women;

OLDEST HOUSE; BUILT IN 1686.
Horseshoe in chimney to drive away witches.

OLD SHIP "NANTUCKET."

while Macys, Folgers, Gardners, Coffins and other male Nantucketers innumerable have gone out into the world and made names for themselves to be proud of. Secretary of the Treasury Folger was from Nantucket, as was R. H. Macy, who established the little shop on Sixth Avenue, so dear to Gotham's fair ones. Owen C. Spooner, who discovered sunset longitude—before Lieut. Maury, to whom it is generally attributed—was a Nantucketer. And so you might go on indefinitely.

But the island's greatest glory was gained for her by her sailors. Of the hundreds of ships that once sailed from Nantucket, only a few rotting hulks are left, and they are tied up in other ports. Of the men who trod their quarterdecks but a handful remain, and these few gather each evening at their club, the "Captain's Room," the natives call it, where they sit in solemn silence, smoking, or spin blood-curdling yarns of adventure in foreign lands and seas. Their descendants have generally gone to the mainland in search of a livelihood. Those that remain "fish for cod in winter, and suckers in summer," as some writer has put it; for the Nantucket of to-day, be it known, is a growing watering-place, with all that that implies. It is pretty hard to realize that the men who grab your valise at the wharf, or take you sailing for a consideration, are the sons of those heroes so dear to your boyish imagination. But let a wreck come ashore on the "Old Man," "Pochick," or any of the terrible shoals that surround the island, and you will see these same teamsters and hucksters man the life-boat as willingly and skillfully as their fathers ever did, and cheerfully risk their lives to save others. The Nantucket spirit is still there.

In spite of the gay and giddy tide of humanity that sweeps over the island each summer; in spite of the Queen Anne gingerbread cottages that are crowding out the gray, weather-beaten walls a century or two old; in spite of the push and progress, bustle and buncombe of this last lap of the nineteenth century, the old town clings tenaciously to its ancient customs. The old Spanish bell rings out the curfew at nine each night, as it has done for generations past. A government cable connects the island with the mainland, yet the approach of a steamer is announced by strident blasts on a fog-horn from the watchman in the old church tower. Although Nantucket has presses and newspapers in plenty, the town crier (there are two of him, by the way) still holds undisputed sway, and, at the ringing of his bell, doors open, windows go up, and all listen, while, with stately mien and cracked voice, he delivers himself of the news (generally commercial) of the day. While plenty of good shops and markets abound, auctions held daily in the public square, at which everything, from bonds to beans, can be purchased, seem to be the favorite way of exchanging one's shekels for this world's goods.

Nantucket is a quaint, curious old place, any way you look at it. It used to be a half century ahead of the times, in some respects. In others, it is now a whole one behind.

MAX WAGNER.



A social Reformer

How Dr. Parkhurst works and lives

O be a social reformer—a good, consistent, stick-to-it, thoroughbred reformer—one must become reconciled to three things:

To be thought better than one really is.

To be thought worse than one really is.

None of these things are pleasant. The first is negatively disagreeable, because it cuts one off from bits of fun which it would be next to the angels not to enjoy. The second is very disagreeable, because it may mean almost anything in the way of badness. And the third indicates a frame of mind which requires a certain degree of tension all the time to keep it in place—so that it does not "care."

When Dr. John R. Parkhurst started out to see that the police were doing their duty in New York, and were accomplishing the things for which the taxpayers pay them large sums of money, he had no idea of the state in which he would find things, nor of the storm which would be raised. His motive was, at first, only to help the young men of his congregation who found themselves unduly beset with temptation, and to remove such temptation away from the neighborhood of the church door—at least.

According to his own story, he attempted to do this by complaining of such things as were complainable in his neighborhood; but, greatly to his surprise, he was told by the police that such things did not exist, or if they existed, could not be helped.

This made the good doctor furious, and the next Sunday he proclaimed from his church pulpit the famous sentence which started all the rumpus, and from which has grown the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The sentence, as well as it has been preserved, was this:

"And may God help this crime-besotted and Tammany-besotted town!"

Next day District-Attorney Delancey Nicoll invited Dr. Parkhurst to explain his sentence to the grand jury. And that was the beginning of it all! The storm that burst was as much a surprise to the doctor as to the policeman on his beat; and, until he could find the proper shelter, found him unprotected by the proofs which constitute umbrellas in legal cyclones.

But now, after a year's scattering to get under shelter, a year's preparation and fortification, and a year's

experience in finding proofs and in fighting, the doctor, looking it over carefully, declares that he regrets nothing, retracts nothing, and gives up nothing.

To use his own words: "If I had foreseen, if I had actually known all, I would have rushed in with twice the energy, instead of lukewarmly."

It is of such stuff as this that social reformers are made! They are entitled to be called social martyrs!

THE LIFE OF A REFORMER.

The life of a reformer is, contrary to popular belief, neither fast nor furious. He may be dealing with very "fast" topics, and tackling them in a very furious way; yet, withal, he finds the life a hard one, full of work and often monotonous. There is just so much work to be done, or the reform will not be worthy the name of reform.

Dr. Parkhurst rises each morning, during eight and a half months in the year, at six o'clock, and, after a light breakfast, gets to work. His workshop is his erst-



DR. PARKHURST AT HIS TYPEWRITER.

while study, and his table, formerly crowded with books of reference, sermons and pamphlets, now has copies of the city laws, reports of committees, and correspondence. Reading the letters takes until noon, and answering them takes into the afternoon. There is only time for half a lunch; and, as Dr. Parkhurst does not "drink," he does not have the solace which other men enjoy of running around the corner, occasionally, to drink a lunch at odd times.

Afternoons are spent at the rooms of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and when six o'clock arrives, and the weary doctor comes home, it is to find callers waiting for him until every seat in his long, narrow parlor is filled, and an overflow has found its way upstairs, into the study with the good-looking secretary.

After the callers are "seen," and this means, are talked with on all topics under the sun, the doctor has dinner with his family. And then come the evenings! And these, to a man of Dr. Parkhurst's tastes, are not spent agreeably, however much they might be enjoyed by those who are not social reformers.

A Parkhurst evening may mean a visit to all the saloons in Eleventh Street. It may mean a visit to too-revelous dance-halls. It may mean a visit to evening entertainments, which neither the law nor Dr. Parkhurst approve, yet who find enough misguided ones to keep them going.

Fancy such evenings as these for one who is tired with a day's work, and whose ideal evening would be spent in pursuing the subject of the authorship of Leviticus, or a kindred topic.

Dr. Parkhurst says he can do this sort of thing only eight and a half months in the year. The remaining three and a half he must spend in Switzerland, climbing the Alps. During the eight and a half months, he can rise at daybreak and work until midnight. But when the three and a half come, he must go to bed at nine, and "stay put" until nine in the morning. Social reform is the most wearing thing in the world. One must keep constantly reforming! Even the same people have to be reformed over and over again!

THE PARKHURST WORK.

The real work of the Parkhurst society is often misunderstood. Its aim is to deal only with the law; not at all with the people. You and I might transgress fearfully, and the Parkhurst society would not say a word to us, nor endeavor to correct us. It might come where we were, just to be sure that we were there, and so it might know us again next time it saw us. But that would be all.

Its work would be to go to the police, and tell them all about us, so that they might lock us up, or do something to prevent us from raising Cain, as it were, any more.

Then the work of the society would be done—apparently. But the fault which Dr. Parkhurst finds is, that the police do not prevent us from continuing to be bad, and that they are willing to take money from us instead of arresting us.

That is the Parkhurst side of the story—and all there is of it. "The police do not do their duty!" says Dr. Parkhurst. "They allow crime!"

"Nonsense!" say the police.

Both sides cling to their own side of the question. And the result, up to date, is that the doctor and his aids go nightly "rounds," and report them next day at headquarters of the police. And the police, instead of being grateful for this information and assistance, are "sassy" through the press.

This is for people who are a little in the dark about it all, and who are asking, "What is Dr. Parkhurst trying to do, anyway?"

YOUR WAY AND MINE.

Now, the correct side of this we will not discuss. As the hymn-book has it:

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way;"

But it is somebody's way—somebody's earnest way—and is entitled to respect, if not to consideration.

You and I and our next-door neighbor would do things differently, if we were reforming the world.

You, possibly, would give all the bad people employment and a good meal, and would find this way exactly as efficacious, and less expensive than to maintain a society with costly rooms.

I, possibly, would buy all the dress-loving sisters—for it is against these that all the complaints are made—a new gown, at spring and fall, and a diamond ring and a pot of rouge. It would not cost as much as the society's lawyer's fees.

You would expect to find vice stamped off the face of the town by your treatment of it. I should have such faith in my way that I should confidently look for the establishment of a Society for the Prevention of Morality. You think food and idleness make the trouble; I think it is dress.

Dr. Parkhurst thinks, and believes, that it is all the police. He has the idea that if the police show handcuffs to social offenders that they will become moral. And the dear, gentle man is working with that idea in his mind. As soon as the police do their duty, the young men of his congregation, and of the town, will have nice clean and clear paths of duty before them.

Now, to some of us, to whom the life of a great city is not an unread book, this seems very silly, and we are inclined to ridicule the doctor and his motives. But this is not right.

There are even those who think that a little of the reform might be done with the young men themselves—those for whom all this commotion has been raised. There are really those who think that such might be taught the words, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" instead of the sentence which is constantly put before them, "I would have been in church, if the lights of the Gaiety had not burned so brightly."

And there are actually—actually, those who think that there is a feminine side to the situation which deserves pity, help and a few spare tears—after the young men have been wept over.

WHAT A REFORMER IS PAID.

To the carnal mind, there is the question always ready to be sprung when good actions are talked about: "What does he make out of it?"

In this case, it may be answered safely and truthfully, "Nothing at all." Unless you count a clerical suit of clothes something, a rather plain dwelling, and a summer trip to the Alps. All of these do not cost the price of a few suppers, half a dozen club dues, cigars, and an evening out, now and then. So, it may be repeated, "Nothing at all."

The clerical suit is very nice. In fact, Dr. Parkhurst's appearance would suggest a dude—a man who likes good clothes and a clean shirt. The doctor is tall and slender, and the coat he wears is very long. It is a Prince Albert, only the tails do not part in the back as do Albert Edward's and Grover Cleveland's—those steady wearers of Prince Albert coats.

The tie which goes with the coat is a four-in-hand, but short and very white. These, with a pair of broad shoes, complete the outside make-up.

The residence, where dwells the man who is giving up much pulpit ambition to be a social reformer, is far from fine. It is not even luxurious—only just comfortable. The parlor has several big pieces of furniture in it—bookcases, cabinets, and the like. And the walls have some mountain scenes and figure pictures—all very moral. Even the piano is an upright one! There are no Art Palace works of art.

In the midst of this is Dr. Parkhurst—always. He may have twenty handsome young men helping him—and the doctor's aids are always fine to look upon—yet through it all you feel the doctor's presence. He has what you call "magnetism" in the way he looks at you, and in the quick though careful way he talks.

And this is absolutely all there is to know about the man who is getting himself talked about on both sides of the ocean as a reformer. It is like reading the first half of a to-be-continued chapter.

Does it pay the doctor to take the stand he has, and to occupy his peculiar position?

Oh! that is for him to determine. You and I can look on and wait. We can see the lines deepen in his face—the lines he got the night he saw those girls dance—and we can watch how he comes out. Will he break down? Will he get discouraged? Will the force of adverse opinion bear him under? Will he live, by and by, in ridicule rather than in veneration?

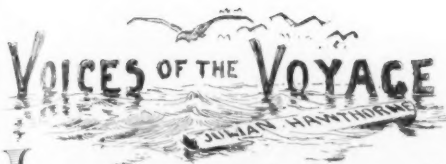
Oh! that is for time to tell.—AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.



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It is a soul-satisfying truth that it is never colder in this Island of Jamaica than it is now—namely, eighty-four degrees in the shade, on this twelfth day of December, 1893; and it never will be.

The tropics know how to be hot; there is here none of the wrath and fierceness of temperature that one encounters in the northern summers; here is no winter to compensate for, nor to fortify against. It is a soft, persistent, soothing heat, and yet not enervating—a heat that makes the soul young and the body elastic. There is a tender quality in the atmosphere that is characteristic of summer that is immortal, and of that only.

But it was only after long hammering for admission that the enchanted gates of the south opened to us at last. During four mortal days and nights we were swept from stem to stern by waves, and drenched by rains; almost every one was sick, and everybody was ill at ease; for the water got into the trunks and swashed about in the after-cabin. The Atlantic had evidently discovered betimes that it was a great deal bigger than our boat, and it took advantage of the fact. For three days, but five of us were at table, including the captain and the purser. Between meals, we had our choice of being drenched on deck, or stewed below. Seasickness aside, there is no fun in that sort of thing.

But there is one signal and blessed difference between voyages southward, and all others. Things are certain to improve, instead of getting worse, or remaining as they are. The very wind that held us back came from the Fortunate Isles, and was mild with the ardor of the distant equator. Therefore we were ever buoyed up by an assured hope of final deliverance, like the Christian martyrs on their way to the Celestial City. No matter what the tormentors might do to us, we were sure of happiness in the end. Each wave that tumbled over our bows came from a point nearer than the last to the coral, the nautilus and the palm.

I was early on the lookout for certain phenomena, the discovery of which comforted me for rolling nights and staggering days. Foremost among them were the trade-winds, and the Gulf Stream.

Of course, one meets with the Gulf Stream on the way to Europe. But that is quite another thing than the Gulf Stream as it sweeps round Cape Hatteras. There the flow is stronger and deeper, and it seems to bring along with it something of the quality of its source. Everywhere upon its surface floats the golden Gulf-wood, in masses small and large; and it is observable that these masses are always marshaled in long lines, running from southwest to northeast, from horizon to horizon; they approach us and stretch away from us like the golden footsteps of some invisible divinity of the sea, bearing northward the treasures of the south. It is a sort of sea-orchid, growing as it floats, and is of a most cleanly and prosperous aspect. Much of it is cast up on the coasts along which it passes; but more, I fancy, drifts out of the current toward the east, where it joins that great Sargasso Sea which we so often hear of, but of whose actual character and appearance so little authentic information has come to us.

On the third day out, as I was leaning over the taffrail, I saw what I took to be a sparrow flying over the surface, and skimming so low that it barely tipped the crest and sounded the hollow of each wave. I was wondering how a sparrow—and such a lively one—happened to be so many miles from shore, when all of a sudden it dove into the side of a big roller, and disappeared.

That was my first flying-fish. It was brown, and smaller than I had expected; but, on the other hand, it was a real flyer, as strong on its wings as a sparrow itself. Many that I afterward saw flew, without difficulty, as much as fifty yards, and could apparently have gone on indefinitely, so far as the vigor of their pinions was concerned. Most of them were white, or shone white in the sunshine; and shoals of a dozen or twenty would rise from the surface at a time. But of the pursuing monsters who drove them from their proper element, we saw nothing—not so much as the "wicked, triangular fin" of the shark, which appears in all written southern voyages that I have read.

Neither did I see any specimens of the paper nautilus of legend, which spreads its sails and rides over the waves like a fairy ship. Therefore I am unable to decide whether their sailing ability is anything more than a legend. We were voyaging over winter seas, it must be remembered, though the temperature had by this time fallen from ten degrees above freezing, in New York Harbor, to something like seventy degrees above zero. When I set forth on my exploring expedition to the Sargasso Sea, next summer, I expect to report real wonders.

Below the confusion and rainy hyades of Hatteras, we met the trade-wind, blowing up steadily from the southeast, according to contract. We pitched into it headforemost, and head over ears, and got very wet; but it was a welcome visitor, all the same. The touch of it, whether it blow high or low, is wonderfully soft, and unlike any other easterly wind that I am acquainted with. The northern incompatibility of temper is quite left out of it. Besides, it is pleasant to know that it blows for thousands of years at a time—barring intermissions—instead of being something arbitrary and whimsical, blowing where it listeth, and never to be confidently reckoned with. Change and fickleness are characteristic of the phenomena of nature in the north; but in the south, at any rate in the tropics, there is an impressive constancy, which presently produces a powerful effect upon the mind.

There has been, during the past year or two, so much investigation of Columbus and his doings, that I am uncertain whether he came first in contact with Watling Island, or with some other. At all events, Watling Island was the first land that we sighted, and we looked at it with more than ordinary interest; to me, at least, it was the herald of a new world. It is a low, bare, and monotonous piece of land, occupied, so far as I could

learn, by but one family, which lived there chiefly in order to keep the lighthouse lamp burning. It opposed to the breakers of the ocean a low front of rocky bluff, based on a narrow white beach. To the north was a stretch of submerged reef, over which the rollers burst in snowy foam. No palms were seen; and the island, so far as outward appearances went, might have been no further from New York than Staten Island or Long Island is. We passed within two or three miles of the shore, but saw no sign of life; nor, but for the lighthouse tower, would one suppose that any one had visited it since the time of its first discoverer. The water, as we looked over our vessel's side, had a peculiar peacock-blue tint, as if there were a bottom of white sand far below. The aspect of the land changed as we passed, showing a breadth apparently almost equal to its length. In a few hours it had vanished beneath our northern horizon, and all was sea and sky again until the next afternoon.

Indeed, it was some time after sunset before a light ahead indicated that Crooked Island was before us. For some hours we ran along under the western lee of it; but nothing could be seen except an undefined line of darkness, and here and there a light. Meanwhile, those who wished to send early news of our safety, thus far, to friends at home were busy writing letters in the saloon or under the electric light on the after-deck; for it was from here that the mail was to leave for New York via the first northward-bound steamer. Finally, about nine o'clock, the engines slowed down and paused, and we blew a hoarse whistle and burned a red light; but there was no answering demonstration from the shore. As we were already two days behind our scheduled time, the captain was in no mood for delay; and, having blown a second unanswered blast, he started up his engines again, and we steamed ahead. But there is another landing-place further along the coast, and here we received a reply to our demonstrations of inquiry, and a red light, burning off shore, told us that a boat was putting off to us. We gathered at the forward gangway, peering out over the darkness as best we might, while the approaching boat—a white one—now glimmered visible on the top of a wave, and now vanished in the hollow. In about fifteen minutes it was alongside, and we saw that it was manned by a dozen strange figures in ragged attire, with black, shiny faces, and bare legs and feet. Anon, they came swarming up the side, each carrying a kit, in a bundle or a small seachest. They were a gang of laborers on their way to fulfill a contract in Jamaica. They were a wild-looking set, and talked and gesticulated with great vehemence and activity, but quite unintelligibly to me; though I afterward found that they had been talking English. They were powerful, athletic fellows, and would have made a formidable boarding-party in the days of the pirates. But nothing could have exceeded their peacefulness and good nature, on this occasion; and the next morning they were at work all over the ship, hollystoning and cleaning up, by way of earning their passage. They also had sea-shells and other curiosities to sell to the passengers; and in various ways made themselves interesting as well as useful. They were unlike any darkies I had seen before; the conformation of the features was modified, either by the environment in which they had lived for generations, or perhaps by some intermixture of the Carib blood. The Caribs themselves have disappeared long since, save a few survivors, here and there; but they have probably left some trace of themselves in this way.

We passed Fortune Island in the night; and, the next morning, we were on the lookout for Cuba.

Clouds of strange forms had been tumbling about the horizon for a day or two past; so that it was with intent to deceive that I pointed out to a companion a shadowy elevation to the westward, and said, "There's Cuba." It was abrupt and bold, and was apparently detached from all else. But it was an outlying headland of the Pearl of the Antilles, after all; and, as we kept on, it slowly united itself with other filmy-looking cliffs, which grew less and less unsubstantial, until at length the famous island massed itself high and solid on our starboard bow.

I was unprepared to find its coast so precipitous and lofty; it recalls a little the Grecian Archipelago; the mountains at this end are almost bare, and nearly uninhabited. A yellow lighthouse stands low down on a projecting reef; but there is no other sign of habitation, or of cultivation of the soil. The plantations and towns are toward the west, and out of sight. But the rugged and irregular picturesqueness of this great pile of mountains is more striking than any beauty of vegetation, at this distance; and even the fringe of palms, standing out against the sky along the summit of one of the ridges, is effective only because these are the first palms we have seen growing in their native place.

From forenoon till near sunset this superb coast was in sight, beautiful to the last, and desirable; if our millions of voters were to catch a glimpse of it, I think there would be no question as to the result of a plebiscite on the question of annexation. There is nothing like an object lesson. Ignorance, tradition and lack of imagination are the trouble of our Congress.

It was no longer the Atlantic, but the Caribbean, that was now flashing from our bows; and, fortunately for us, the wind was astern, and drove us forward instead of under. We could see what might have been, in the steamer which passed us going northward, with a see-saw motion that recalled to those who had been sick dire memories of days gone by.

Judging from the map, Hayti ought to have been visible from the point where we now were; but maps exaggerate inversely to the square of the distance. We saw nothing but sea and sky. It was said, however, that Hayti is visible, under favorable circumstances, one of which I presume is that the seer should not be so near Cuba as we were. At all events, we did not miss it much; our thoughts and anticipations were now fixed on Jamaica, which would be with us at the dawn. During the night the sea became smoother and smoother, and when I came on deck, just before daybreak—the fact is, I had spent the night on a sofa in the saloon, in order to get the benefit of what air was stirring—after a rather restless series of naps on the sofa, I came out beneath the stars, and saw, first, a fellow passenger standing up on the after-deck, while the amiable savages from Crooked Island deluged him with the warm

waters of the Caribbean, conveyed through a hose-pipe; and, second, a huge mound of cloudy darkness looming on our right, like the shattered remains of a tropical thunderstorm tumbled into the sea. But it was the eastern end of Jamaica—the blue ridge which ascends a mile and a half into the sky, tree-clad to its summit. There were clouds enough mixed in with it—it was impossible, in the starlight, to distinguish where the cloud ended and the cloud-compeller began—but the cloud-compeller was there. Cuba was nothing to it. I had expected much, but not so much as this. In fact, the scenery of Jamaica outdoes, from first to last, anything that can be said or imagined about it. So far as my travels enable me to judge, it combines and concentrates more beauty than any other place in the world. The only disappointment one feels is a retrospective one—in the inadequacy and feebleness of one's own forecasts.

After looking a long time, I went over to the other side of the vessel, in order to give the Crooked Islanders a chance to hollystone the starboard side of the deck; and sat down on a campstool, where I contemplated four bright stars, low on the southeastern heavens, arranged in the form of a large, irregular diamond. I had been looking at it some time, before I realized that I did not remember ever to have seen that particular diamond before; and then I experienced an inspiration. The doctor came along at that moment, and I asked him if he could tell me where the Southern Cross was? "Oh!—ah!—why, it ought to be visible—why, yes, to be sure, there it is now!" quoth he, and pointed with his finger to the four bright stars aforesaid.

I had been told that I would be disappointed in the Southern Cross. I must confess that I was not. It is not quite "even," and there is no star in the middle; but it is a splendid great constellation, worthy of its renown; and there is no question, in this latitude, at all events, of substituting it for the Northern Bear. For when I returned to the northern side of the ship, there was the pole-star several degrees above the horizon; and though the Bear was not just then visible, it could not be far off, and will doubtless show itself further on in the season.

There was a thunderstorm in progress on Blue Peak, and the peak itself was wrapped up out of our sight in it. But the scene was magnificent, and, as the sun rose, it became each moment more gorgeous. The venerable simile which compares Jamaica to a bit of stiff wrapping-paper, crumpled up and placed on a table, is so obviously accurate that it is not worth repeating. The island is simply a hundred miles or more of rugged and tumultuous mountain, gashed with enormous ravines, and rolling seaward in slopes and spurs of tropic verdure. It seems as if there were not a level acre on all its surface. Ensnared in the verdure, high and low, are many white villas, looking like so many abodes of the blessed; and we can distinguish the sugar-cane plantations, and the coffee-fields higher up the acclivities, and the groves of coconut palms along the margins of the azure sea. Splendid headlands jut forth into the water, and inlets rimmed with shining white sands tempt us to jump overboard and swim ashore. To the left, as we draw near the harbor, small islets, only a few acres in area, sit secure and lovely in the blue, crowded with strange and shaggy vegetation. Little boats, with or without sails, dance about, and men on board of them haul in fish of radiant colors, the like of which our northern eyes have not seen till now. A remarkable bird, something like a titanic swallow, with a touch of the hawk in him, sails and curvets overhead, his dark wings and forked tail clearly marked on the background of bright heaven. And there swims aloft, on lazy and tireless pinions, the jack buzzard, without whose services fever would be more common in Kingston than it is; and here is Kingston itself, protected by its long-stretching natural breakwater, planted from end to end with young cocoa-palms. We pass to the extreme western end of it, and round the point, and so into the smooth harbor, on which the dazzling sun beats down, and the great white training-ship was moored, and the health-boat rowed slowly toward us, manned by a dozen darkies in white jumpers. How hot it is—how delicious—how strange—how lovely! The doctor comes aboard; we steam slowly onward around the buoys; we run along under the lee of the low-lying town, with its two-story houses and narrow, swarming streets; we reach our pier, which has a pier-house upon it, exactly of the size, color and shape of the one we left a week ago, in New York, but thronged with a crowd of darkies in diaphanous rags, intermixed with a handful of white persons in white jackets and pith helmets—and here we are! Before the vessel has ceased to move, the crowd has begun to pour on board, and the hotel-runners are thrusting their cards into our hands, and friends are meeting and greeting, and a brown boy approaches a certain literary man among our passengers, and after introducing himself as the reporter of a Jamaica daily, informs our friend that a forgotten novel by himself will be begun in the said daily on the following Monday morning. With which pleasing assurance of tropical fame, the novelist steps ashore, and we all do the same, and our island life begins.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

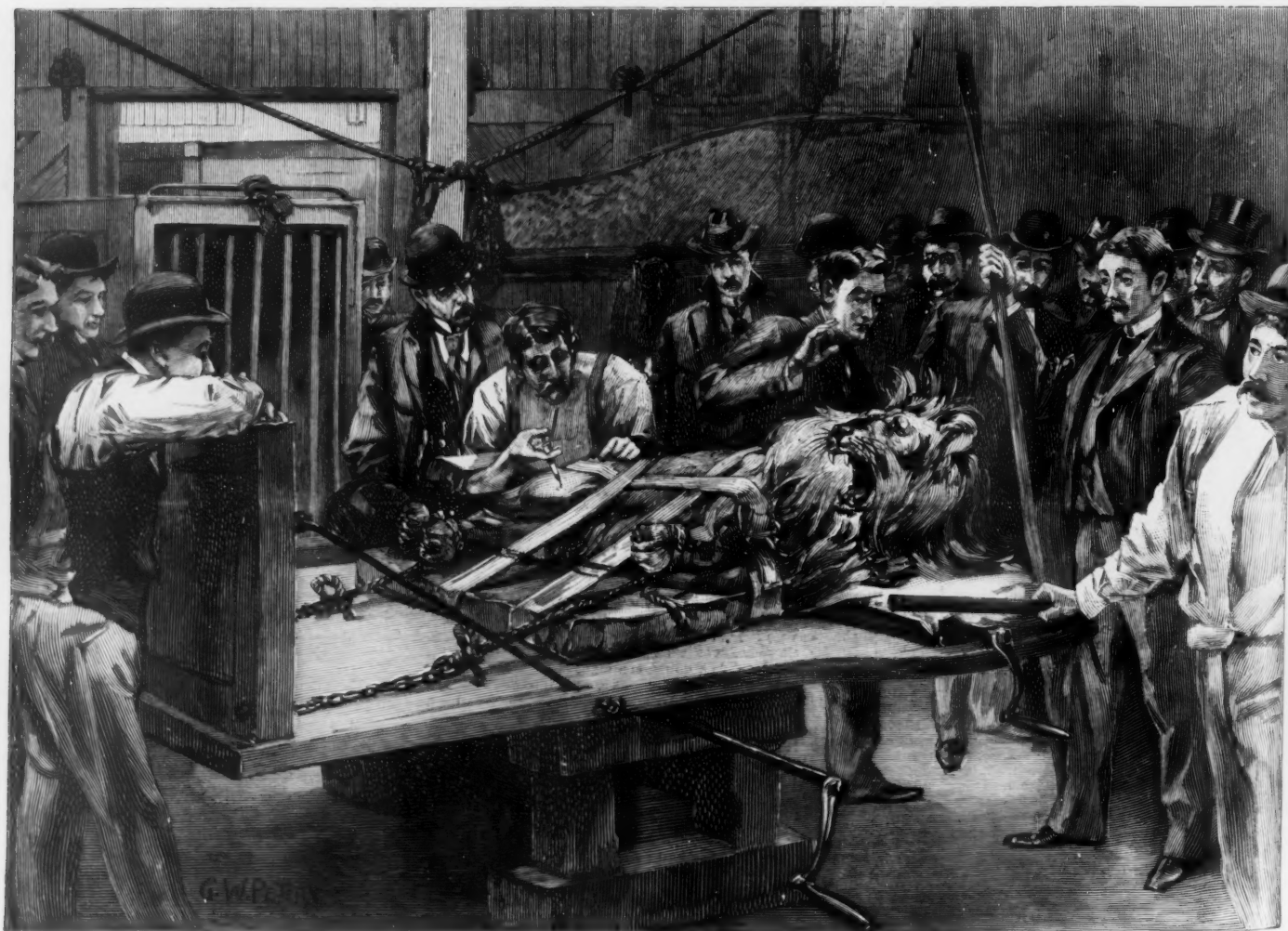
The day was so fair
We went out for the air
In the garden,
Her face was so near—
Her eyes were so clear,
Would she pardon?
I tried not to think,
But her cheeks were so pink,
So entrancing,
Of her lace-covered neck
I could see a wee speck
Just by glancing.
O, the sunshine was warm,
No man living, for long
Could resist her,
And I swear, I don't care
Who's aware that 'twas there
That I kissed her!—MARIE M. MEINEL.

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



(See page 10.)

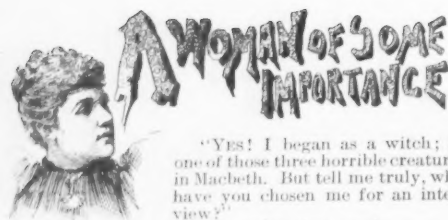


LION NERO UNDER SURGICAL TREATMENT.
(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.—See page 11.)



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

(Drawn for ONCE A WEEK by G. W. PETERS.)



"Yes! I began as a witch; as one of those three horrible creatures in Macbeth. But tell me truly, why have you chosen me for an interview?"

The voice that spoke was of singular sweetness, a voice in a million.

"Because," I replied, "Miss Coghlan has more than the admiration of the American people, she has their love, and they will be glad to read what she has to say."

She threw me a serio-comic glance, leading the way to what she called the "snuggery," laughing merrily, that ringing, rollicking, refined laughter which even the Sphinx would find contagious. The house is strewn with souvenirs of her career.

"Here is a pair, Miss Coghlan, of whom you must have many delightful recollections," I said, pausing at the top of the stairs before two large photographs placed side by side in one frame.

"Dear old John Gilbert, he was so good-hearted," she murmured, rubbing imaginary dust from the glass with her handkerchief, "and poor lovable Lester Wallack!"

"Was he, Wallack, I mean, as clever a manager as he was an actor?"

"As a stage manager, yes," she replied. "As a business manager, no. You cannot make a financier out of a poet, you know."

The "snuggery" proved to be a sort of boudoir with a broad window looking south on the street.

"I chose Ninety-sixth Street because it has asphalt pavement," she said, toying with the shade-cord and gazing across the tree-tops of Central Park. "All streets should be asphalted; then there is no noise save the clatter of the horses' feet, and that's a noise I like. Yes, I like quietness for the sake of sleep, though I am an early riser. I eat a light breakfast, and then I come here and take a sun-bath, like this."

She threw herself across an ample couch among half a hundred cushions, and the warm winter sun streamed in and wound itself around her. The couch was littered with books, letters and newspapers. The simple house-gown which she wore allowed full play for her splendid form, a form which in middle life retains all the grace of youth. Her hair hung loosely on her neck, and her white hand caressed a sunbeam. She was naturally and helplessly magnificent. Nor was she posing. Here is not a stage-smitten china doll, playing a part for publication. You feel that here is a sincere and ardent woman, familiar with all, or almost all, that makes life and the world. You admire her fine presence, are pleased with her grace of manner and readiness of intellect, enjoy the mischievous sparkle in her eyes and her brilliant flashes of humor, delight in her ripe luxuriance of physical beauty and her exuberance of animal spirits, but most of all you feel the charm of a strong, womanly personality. No! Miss Coghlan never poses; but she is never conventional.

Her eyes wandered to the shadowed corner by the window where a dainty bookcase contained a finely bound set of Charles Reade's works.

"Why does not some one write books like those nowadays?" she said. "I would play nothing but Peg Woffington, were it box-office-like, if I may coin the expression. I have played the whole round of leading parts, and it may amuse you to learn that I played them all—from Juliet to Mrs. Haller—before I was twenty-one; but there is none among them I enjoy as I do our bouncing, blazing Peggy. Is Peg my best work? No! I credit that achievement to Stephanie in 'Forget Me Not.' I mean to play Stephanie, perhaps next season."

"How do you like your present character of Mrs. Arbuthnot, in 'A Woman of No Importance'?"

"Mrs. Arbuthnot," she said, shifting a score of cushions as she changed her position, "suits me extremely well; otherwise I would not play it. By the way," she slowly added, taking one of the cushions on her lap and tracing the pattern with one white finger, "one or two critics seem to think my play immoral, and some say it will not be understood in the country. Why? Is it the story that is immoral? Then why not also 'Camille,' 'Othello,' 'Cleopatra' and all the others? If it is the dialogue that elicits the stigma of immorality, then the play presents a social evil sadly in need of a remedy, and the stage should be thanked for the suggestion. For the dialogue truthfully records the drawing-room discourse of to-day. After all, it is the play, not the player, Miss Coghlan, whom one or two critics have frowned upon."

"But did you bring out the play, then, to draw attention to a social evil, or was it because the play is a new one?"

"Neither. I brought it out from a purely business point of view. When an architect erects a beautiful building, he expects to be paid for his work. The public demands new plays, just as it calls for new and beautiful buildings. In this case I am the architect. My play is certainly not harmful, and if it is helpful, I am glad."

"Do you believe, then, that the stage is a judicious place for the free discussion of social evils?"

"No. Human history and emotions are far more interesting. 'A Woman of No Importance' contains both these elements. And besides," she pursued, smiling, "the enthusiasm over this play, at present, is W-I-L-D-E in more than one sense."

"But we were talking about your career," I remarked, as she leaned forward and raised the window-shade a trifle higher. The sun poured in at constantly changing angles, as it withdrew westward. "You were saying you began as a witch."

"Oh, yes!" she said, throwing her head back, musing. "Yes, I made my debut as a witch in '68, in Greenock, Scotland; I crouched and crooned around that boiling caldron every night for weeks for three shillings a week. Then I threw off the rags of the witch and blossomed out as Cupid in the burlesque 'Ixion.' I next went to Cheltenham, England, and played small soubrette parts in the Theatre Royal. There the leading lady quarreled with the manager,

and I stepped into her place. This ended my first season."

"Indeed," I interrupted, "that would make a capital head for our interview—'From Witch to Leading Lady in One Season!' But your previous history? I do not need to ask when you were born, because I know it was in 18—"

"Sh! Now surely," she exclaimed, throwing out her arm deprecatingly, "surely you will not purvey that knowledge to the readers of ONCE A WEEK? I was born, sure enough. Why not simply record that fact and let it go at that?" and her laughter was music.

"Well, then," I consented, "you were born—let me see, in London? Any historical association about the street or neighborhood?"

"I never inquired," she said, with the musical accompaniment, "probably because of my extreme youth. When I moved away from my birthplace I was just three weeks old. We moved to the Island of Jersey, the land of the Lily, you know. My family was religious, and intended me for a cloistered nun. So I played the church-organ and sung in the choir alternately every Sunday, and there I appeared before my first audience. Perhaps that was the sweetest period of my life. Then we trotted back to England, and occasionally I took part in private theatricals. I played my parts well, quite unconsciously displaying, as I have often been told since, surprising talent. Suddenly my father, who had become well known as a literary man, died, leaving a too, too small fortune. Then I entered stage-land."

"Did you choose the stage, then, as a necessary means of livelihood?"

"Partly," she answered, looking out of the window dreamily; "but I was chiefly influenced by my brother, who had already kicked over the religious traces, and married an actress, and who, having watched my work as an amateur, declared that I was a genius, and persuaded me to try the regular stage."

"Money had to be earned," she continued, sighing, "and I seized this opportunity as the best that offered. My success at the end of that first season surprised me. It must have been dramatic instinct, for I assure you I was not fired with ambition. I had not then the lofty aspiration of becoming a great actress. I considered acting only a temporary occupation, expecting at the end of each season to give it up. But again and again I enlisted, until I had finished four years in burlesque, comedy and drama, in London and the English provinces. In '72 I drifted to America, and then for the first time I viewed dramatic art as my profession, gave it up as an experiment, and began serious work."

"Was it choice or accident that brought you to America?"

"Choice," she replied, her eyes twinkling—"choice of more money. Is that why I have remained? Yes. But please do not make me out more mercenary than I really am. I honestly love the American people, not for their money, but for themselves. America, however, is the best-paying country for actors."

"Where did I first meet Wallack? Why, the first day I arrived. He asked me to play Mrs. Honeyton in 'The Happy Pair,' and after the performance came to me, and said: 'Miss Coghlan, consider yourself engaged for the season at seventy-five dollars a week.' I remained with Wallack two years, and then made a tour of England with Barry Sullivan. Returning to London, I received a telegram from Wallack offering me the position of leading lady in his New York theatre. I came right over, and appeared night after night during six or seven years in leading roles. Lady Teazle, Countess Zeika, Lady Clare and Rosalind were my favorite parts. You know the rest. Ever since Wallack's ceased to be the home of a stock company, excepting once when I was recalled for a revival of old comedies, I have been directing my affairs myself."

"You had to work hard while you were at Wallack's?"

"Yes, indeed," she assented, raising the window-shade still higher. The sun was falling lower, and it was not quite so warm. "Those were the very hardest of my working years. I had to work before then, of course, in the provinces, but I did not take art seriously in those first years, and besides, I had youth in my favor. I could stand work then better—better than now, for instance. But at Wallack's came the real serious work. I was to rehearse every day, play every night, month after month; for we were constantly changing the bill, and were supposed to be ready for any part at short notice. What parts do I prefer? Oh, comedy parts, always."

"Has your experience as a star been profitable?"

"At first I had all the experience, and somebody else had all the money," she said, laughing. "A star ought to be surrounded by good players, and good players cost money. It's all a merry war, now, however, and I think I have one of the best companies of the kind."

The sun, climbing up the wall, flashed upon a pair of foils and made them glisten.

"You are ruminating upon that rust on my foils," the lioness said, stretching lazily. "I have not used them for some time, though I ought to. I pride myself generally on my skill in fencing and boxing. I am very strong, you know. I turn practical farmer every summer."

"These accomplishments," I suggested, "are perhaps some of many forms of exercise by which you maintain superb health?"

"I preach one gospel—the gospel of health," she said, reaching her hand up to dabble it in the last retreating sunbeam. "Health makes possible that principal element of my success, magnetism. I feel my audience, and I know when I am holding it. This magnetic feeling is a power, and it is given only to the strong and healthy."

But the last sunbeam had taken flight, and she of the musical voice has finished her sun-bath.

The sketches presented on page 8, showing Miss Coghlan as she appears in her favorite roles, will give such of our readers as have not had the pleasure of seeing this delightful actress a faint idea of her personal charms and wonderful versatility.—GILSON WILLETS.

Nervous headaches promptly cured by
Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10 cts.



THE one thing a woman envies a man is his pockets. "Oh! for one day to be a man of pockets!" we often sigh, in our despair.

There is no use in denying the fact that the act of stuffing your hands down into your pockets gives you a feeling of self-reliance and confidence that no amount of conscious virtue will impart.

But, oh! I have trusted in pockets and have been basely deceived. I bought a cloak not long ago, a fine, masculine-looking garment, with immense pocket-flaps. Two great pockets, I thought, with a smaller one for a handkerchief, and an inside one for a purse.

I donned it as soon as it was sent home, and proceeded to thrust my hands into my pockets. Instinctively, my spirits and courage rose, and my lips drew

up into the semblance of a whistle, which became real a moment later—when I discovered it was all flap and no pocket!

On one side was a small receptacle that might have held two fingers and a thumb; on the other side nothing but flap. The handkerchief pocket might have reluctantly consented to receive a postage stamp, after much urging, but the "Father of his Country" wouldn't recognize his own portrait, when reappearing from its close quarters; and a Columbian stamp was simply out of the question. As an all-wise Providence—in the shape

of fashion—has decreed that a woman's pocketbook should be small, the inside purse pocket was found available.

Alas! it was but a trap for the unwary. I went shopping, and, after finishing negotiations for a spool of thread of a peculiar shade and unusual number, and a ball of tape of a particular width, I began to search for my purse. All at once I remembered my new furnishing, my masculine pocket on the inner side of my cloak. I began to lay siege to it. The buttonholes were new and unyielding, the fit quite snug. The clerk looked sympathetic, and said:

"Nice things, those inside pockets for ladies; so safe."

I was mad, clear through, and answered, shortly:

"Very; and so handy in case of fire."

By this time the pocket had surrendered conditionally, and as I had an engagement on the other side of town, I hailed a charioteer and mounted a nineteenth century chariot. There I met a friend whom I had not seen for some time, and we immediately launched out upon the wide sea of feminine small talk, dotted with islands of jellies, jams, pickles and hired help. That is a subject upon which all women agree. When you begin to revile the serving class, you are as sure of sympathy as when you assail Mormonism—out of Utah.

We had just put in at this conversational harbor of refuge, when the conductor came for the fare. I began another search for my purse, and again was obliged to partly divest myself of my outside garment before it was found. By this time I felt myself to be an object of distrust to the conductor, and of amusement to my fellow-travelers.

Soon a man entered with real pockets. I watched him narrowly. He slipped his thumb and finger, untrammelled by gloves, into his vest pocket, drew out some small change, from which he singled out a nickel and handed it to the conductor, yawned, and looked out of the windows, as though he had not done something which, in my eyes, at least, was more difficult than any of the tasks of Hercules. Oh, man! you are the superior sex, no doubt, and will continue so to be until women have pockets—real, available, get-at-able pockets.

Somewhere in the wide domain of my dress skirt there is a flimsy affair called by courtesy a pocket; but it bears no more resemblance to the real thing than a Rhinestone to the Kohinoor.

You carry some change in this pocket to church to drop into the plate. You see it coming, and frantically begin your search. It has reached you, and waits expectantly. You get red in the face, and finally turn your pocket inside out, depositing your cash upon the

floor. By this time the plate has passed; the people about you are tittering audibly; you collect your wealth and wipe the perspiration from your heated brow. You arise when the hymn is sung, and those silly girls behind you laugh again. You look as unconcerned as possible, and think to show your indifference by coolly depositing your money and handkerchief in your pocket, as if the performance just gone through with was in good form and highly exemplary.

As you feel leisurely around for your pocket their giggles increase. At last, just as the congregation is seating itself, the pocket is found turned inside out. No wonder the girls laughed. Your dress is a dark



cloth, while the pocket is of a light striped silesia—left from some other woman's dress-linings. How it must have looked! You haven't time to turn your pocket back, so slip helplessly down into your seat, still clutching your money and handkerchief.

Some man will ask why they were not replaced after you were seated. Why, my dear sir, that was impossible. Have you never noticed the contortions a woman goes through when attempting such a feat? And she never succeeds. I thought I had, once, and, flushed with triumph, arose to carry the news to my most intimate enemy, when lo! the treasures I thought safely lodged in my pocket rolled wickedly and rebelliously to the floor. I had merely slipped them into the folds of my skirt.

Why don't we speak to the dressmaker? Well, you don't always have your way with your tailor, do you? Now, multiply him by fifty and you have our dressmaker.

No woman ever comes out of an encounter with her dressmaker victorious and alive, and life—even without pockets—is still worth living. LOUISE PHILLIPS.

THE SOPRANO OF THE FUTURE

AMERICA has produced few great male singers. Among women one meets with many exceptionally fine voices, soprano voices especially. They are not troubled as much as the men are with that peculiar formation of the throat which prevents good voice production. This same laryngeal constriction is common among the English tenors, and prevents them from attaining a full, clear note. I by no means despair of discovering the great American voice. Italy has the true genius of song, and will always, I think, be the first of musical nations; but in America musical culture is so widespread that, in the end, many great singers and great composers must arise. At present there is not one American composer who can be taken seriously. There is not one capable of undertaking a work of any importance. Dvorak is the most noteworthy of the exotic composers. He won his high position in oratorio and chamber music long ago, but he lacks, I think, the dramatic power necessary for achieving success in opera. His theory that the school of American music may spring from the negro melodies hardly deserves serious consideration. These melodies are too trivial to suggest any valid inspiration.

And so, for the present, it is to Italy that this country must look for music. There the new school is full of promise. Perhaps it shows no uncommon originality, but it combines the best of all schools with that rich melody so incurably Italian. Mascagni's genius is yet unexplored. Leoncavallo, a deeper thinker, has just brought out, at the Teatro dal Verme, a new work of first importance—"I Medici." U. Giordano's "Mala Vita," Cipolini's "Piccolo Haydn"—these are a few of the last fruits of Italian genius. And as, for the present, one looks to Italy for opera, it is there one goes for opera-singers. There are none of the old school Italian singers now. The "music of the future" has spoiled them. There are few capable of singing the music of the old operas. Now, as ever, the great voices are discovered among the lower classes. They are exploited solely for pecuniary benefit, and, as the operas of today do not require a lengthened course of study, they are pushed at once before the public. A tenor makes his debut after a year's study. If he can scream a high note to please the gallery he cares for little else. I remember that in my student days I sung one air for a year; it was the "Nel furor delle tempeste," from Bellini's "Pirata."

Diligent training is necessary to produce a great singer. A boy, who would fit himself for a career as an operatic artist, should begin to cultivate his voice as soon as it has passed through the period of transition from falsetto to the real manhood tone. This is quite young enough to begin. Early training fatigues, strains and often injures the voice. Each pupil, of course, must be taken individually. The length of time he should give to study depends altogether on his natural aptitude, intelligence and industry. The average lad, having begun to train his voice at sixteen years of age, may be entrusted with leading roles at twenty-three. It is better, however, that he should wait until he is twenty-six years old, at which age the danger of straining the voice is proportionately less.

And while I urge the necessity of thorough and adequate training, I want to lay emphasis upon the fact that hundreds of voices are ruined by over-training, by injudicious and over-zealous cultivation. Too much practice is worse than too little. An hour's practice in the morning is quite sufficient, and even this time should be broken by a half hour's rest. Ah! the fine voices that have been murdered by over-zeal. Young men and young women are impatient of the humdrum studies. They wish to be great at a bound, before they have mastered their solfeggios. They make their debuts in opera or concert or oratorio. They are full of promise, but after a little they seem to go backward. What is the reason? They have gone on the stage prematurely, before the voice is developed, and before good habits are fixed. Unless the singer knows his instrument thoroughly and has it under efficient control, it will fail him in lyrical exigencies. With failure come negligence, slovenly habits, and, in the end, another great voice is murdered.

The first thing necessary for the great singer is a phenomenal voice, and the second, I am inclined to think, is a sense of rhythm. If a singer does not un-

derstand time he can never become a great artist. As to the mechanical training of the voice, it does not much matter what country furnishes the curriculum. There are good teachers in England and Germany. France has fine schools, although I do not approve of the tremolo taught in them. In Italy the methods for properly placing the voice are almost perfect. The Italian schools, also, teach dramatic expression as none others do. Perhaps the best advice to the young aspirant for lyrical honors is, "Go to Italy, study, live in the atmosphere of music." One absorbs music there. And then study, diligently but judiciously. The wise artist is parsimonious of his voice. In that word parsimony is the secret of preserving the voice, keeping it fresh and true. There is no reason why the singer's voice should grow husky and worn in a decade—no reason except the singer's imprudence. A well cared for voice may retain its freshness for twenty, even forty years. People marvel at Patti's voice, beautiful and fresh after so many years. She has cared for it parsimoniously. She has never imposed upon it, never been forced to sing six nights in a week and once at a matinee. A grand opera singer should only sing twice a week; three times, at most. Exercise, sleep and a certain amount of indolence are necessary. Overwork is death to a voice, good health is needed to keep the voice in good condition. Dissipation and excess of any kind are terribly injurious. The vocal chords are very sensitive; whatever affects the physical condition will affect them sooner or later.

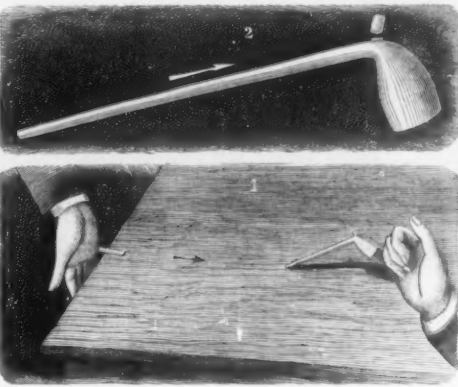
I have indicated what is before the young aspirant for musical fame—years of difficult labor, a life free from excesses—and even then the end may be failure. All these remarks apply only to those who are schooling their voices for the opera, the concert stage or professional life. Amateurs and non-professionals do not require the long and rigorous training of professionals. It would be a waste of time and money to give a professional education to a young woman who would sink, in a few years, through lack of practice, to the level of a perfunctory parlor singer. But a certain amount of training should be given to all children if they have even fair voices. Great singers, as a rule, are born in countries where people love music and educate the voices of their children. And I, who believe that the great soprano voice of the future will be American, am anxious to see as broad a musical culture here as possible. The making of a musical nation is a slow evolution. But with increase of wealth comes increase of leisure and a greater devotion to art.

In due time America will produce its great composer and its great singer. ITALO CAMPANINI.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

MAGICAL PERFORMANCE WITH A PIPE.

A VERY interesting and quite simple experiment can be performed with a clay pipe, the object being to knock off the heel or projection under the bowl, from a distance. The feat may be accomplished in the following manner: Break a short piece off the end of the stem and place it on the edge of a table, over which it should project slightly, as in the illustration. Ask any one present to stand opposite you, and hold the pipe in a slightly oblique position by resting his hand on the table and introducing his little finger into the bowl, as indicated. Make sure that your end of the stem is in a direct line



with the stem on the pipe, a fact which can be readily determined by the eye. Having ascertained this, all you have to do is to give the projecting end of the bit of pipe-stem a smart stroke with the palm of the hand. If your aim is true, the missile will slide along the table and up the pipe-stem until it reaches the heel, which it will knock neatly off, leaving the bowl and stem intact. A little practice will help you to perform this curious feat with ease. It never fails to excite the astonishment of spectators.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE AND HOME DECORATION.

OUR artist has sketched, on page 14, a charming collection of choice furniture and a few attractive interiors, a careful study of which may prove helpful to housekeepers desiring to touch up or refurbish their rooms. The large sketch near the center gives a view of Princess May's boudoir at White Lodge. Its furnishings and general arrangement might easily be imitated on a more modest scale. In the lower corner of the page is a cozy drawing-room nook. The third interior is of a less pretentious order, and is designed for a girl's sitting-room. The odd pieces of furniture are charming examples of modern taste. The beautiful lamp at the top is designed for electric light, which admits of a covering for the top of the shade. The settee shown is of the comfortable, square-ended shape, than which none is more satisfactory. Below it is a good design for an overmantel; the woodwork is enameled cream-white, with a pretty autotype in the center mounted in eau-de-Nil plush. The surrounding wall should be pink. A mahogany flower-stand with square-turned legs, like that shown in the drawing, is a useful and highly decorative adjunct to any room. It supports a china flower pot containing a graceful plant.

An ornamental cupboard, fulfilling every requirement of convenience and beauty, is carried out in bamboo and Chinese matting. The interior is fitted with shelves. Being only three feet high, the top serves as a table. A beautiful old Dutch inlaid secretaire is the pride of a New York woman's drawing-room. The coloring of the woodwork is most effective, and a number of roomy drawers make it delightfully useful as well as pretty. An odd fire-screen stand is carried out in fancy wickerwork, plain or gilt, smartly decorated with pockets in bright-colored plush lined with satin to match the ribbon, and enhanced with sprays of variegated chrysanthemums or ox-eyed daisies. Two other varieties of handsome screens are shown alongside this one. The smaller one is a double folding-pocket photo-screen covered in rich broché silk. The other is a four-fold screen with hand-painted Japanese cloth panels, having borders and revers of brocade. The remaining sketch shows a handsome writing-table of mahogany or green-stained ash. There is a dainty silken curtain shelf at the back and numerous convenient fittings. The top is covered with Indian red cloth.

THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

THE opening of the legislative session at Albany again draws the attention of the public to the oft-recurring and never-ending question of cost involved in the building of this colossal work of art.

The cornerstone was laid on June 24, 1871. The estimated cost was three million dollars. As the building is not yet completed, it is not possible to say how far short the original estimate was; but there has been expended, up to this time, not less than twenty millions. Governor Flower is ambitious to finish the work this year, before his term expires.

Our illustrations show the governor receiving his many callers. He sits at his huge desk, chewing fine-cut, and listening with one hand to his ear, carefully weighing his replies before uttering them.

A glimpse of the noble stairway is shown. The grace, together with solidity of construction, does not fail to strike the most careless observer.

The Senate Chamber is the richest feature of the building, and was designed by the celebrated Richardson; and, if one's surroundings can affect his actions, these Senators should certainly be good lawmakers.

As seen at evening, from the river, its huge outlines contrasted against the sky, the details softened by the growing twilight—party strife also softened by the distant view—the Capitol does indeed seem to stand for a grand ideal of order and peace. But in the hotel corridors "practical politics" and cigar smoke blend and envelop mankind, and big and little statesmen gossip over the latest "deals" and caucuses. (See page 12.)

A LION UNDER OPERATION.

THE illustration on page 8 shows something quite new in veterinary science. Time was, only a few years ago, when the setting of a horse's broken leg was regarded as a triumph of veterinary surgical skill. Now the attempt is made to reduce a fracture in the femur, or thigh-bone, of Nero, the young performing lion of whose mishaps mention was made last week. The young king of brutes was conveyed in a cage to the College of Veterinary Surgeons, New York City, where our special artist had an opportunity to execute the sketch presented.

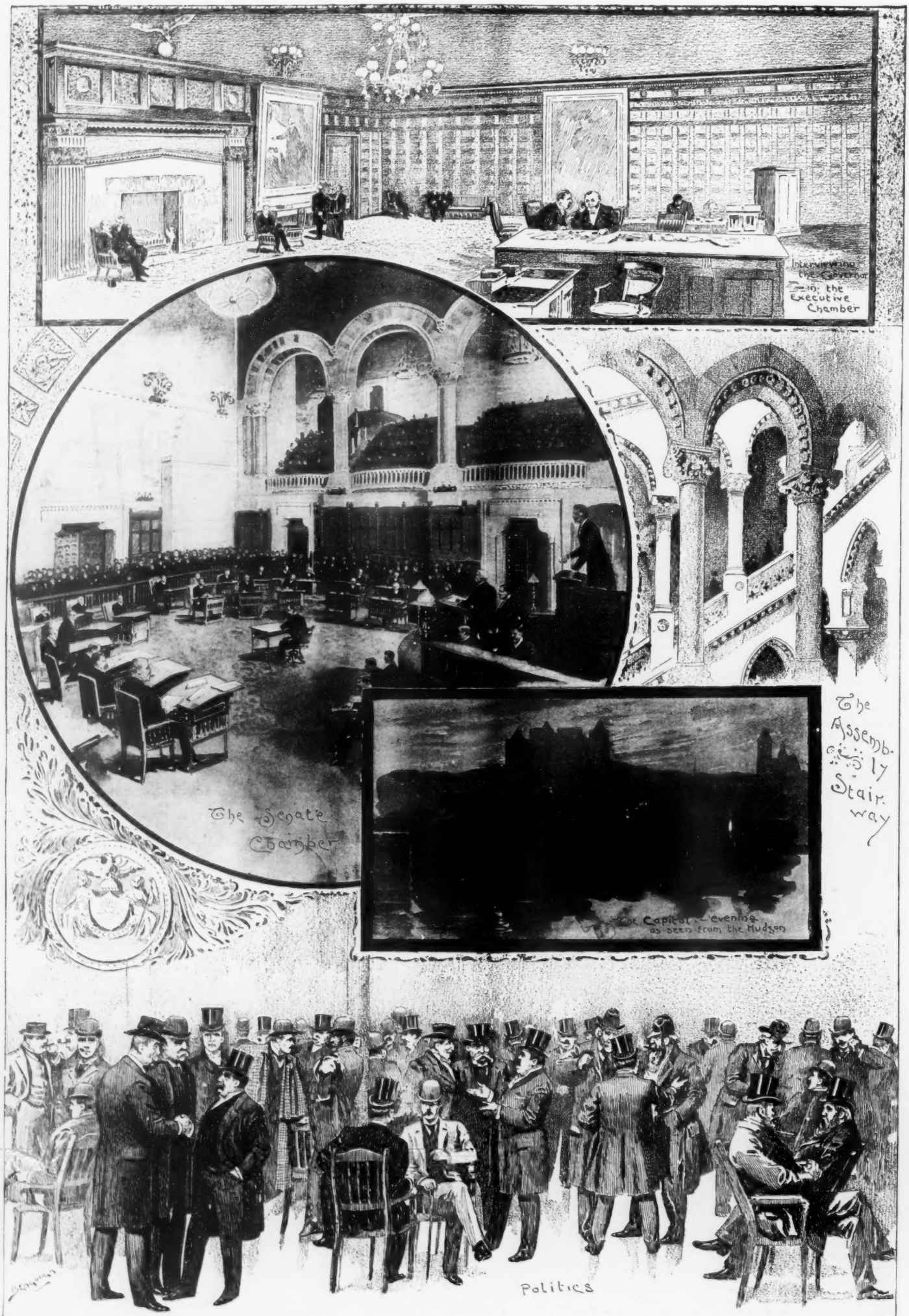
The operating-room, on this momentous occasion, was lined with veterinary surgeons and students, eager to witness the very uncommon operation. When the moment approached for letting Nero out of his cage, even the most valiant among them began to feel a little queer, and, in spite of the assurances of the trainer that no danger need be apprehended, the first bound forward of the royal patient caused a general stampede. This unexpected movement excited Nero, and a lively scene ensued, ending in the capture of the beast by the trainer. The discomfited "vets" once more screwed their courage to the sticking-point, and ranged themselves round the operating-table with a determination to do or die. The second attempt was more successful. The animal was again let out and secured by means of a lasso. He was then lifted on to the table, gently rolled over on his side and soothed with the most approved "passes" and artifices of the skillful trainer. Straps and tackle were adjusted, and, finally, Nero lay helplessly harnessed, as you see him in the picture. When first placed on the table, he proceeded to chew up the cushions that were provided for his comfort. But as soon as he was secured an attending surgeon gave the young lion a lion-share hypodermic injection of morphine; it must have been a heavy one, for the surgeon was figuring as earnestly on Nero's sleeping as on the painlessness of the forthcoming operation. Three surgeons then took hold. They had no previous cases of the kind to guide them. And, then, there was Nero; he might object and make homicidal scatteration generally by one earnest kick and bursting of fetters. Before he was quite overpowered, Nero made a pass with his paw at Dr. Bowers, who was standing at his head, and came within one of taking off the doctor's. Then he snapped at the operating surgeon's arm and just missed it. But the operation was performed, at last, the femur was bandaged, and, in two hours from the start, the men of science let the king of beasts up, and he was taken back in his cage to Huber's Museum, on East Fourteenth Street. Nero did not quarrel with his splints and bandages at first; and if he passes the knitting and first healing processes without ugliness, he may grow proud of his position and be more intelligent and tractable than ever. The experiment will be watched with interest.

Mrs. De Swell (peering from her carriage)—"Oh! I see Mrs. De Smith up at her window." (To the coachman)—"James, stop the carriage; I wish to see if Mrs. De Smith is at home."

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who want it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 329 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

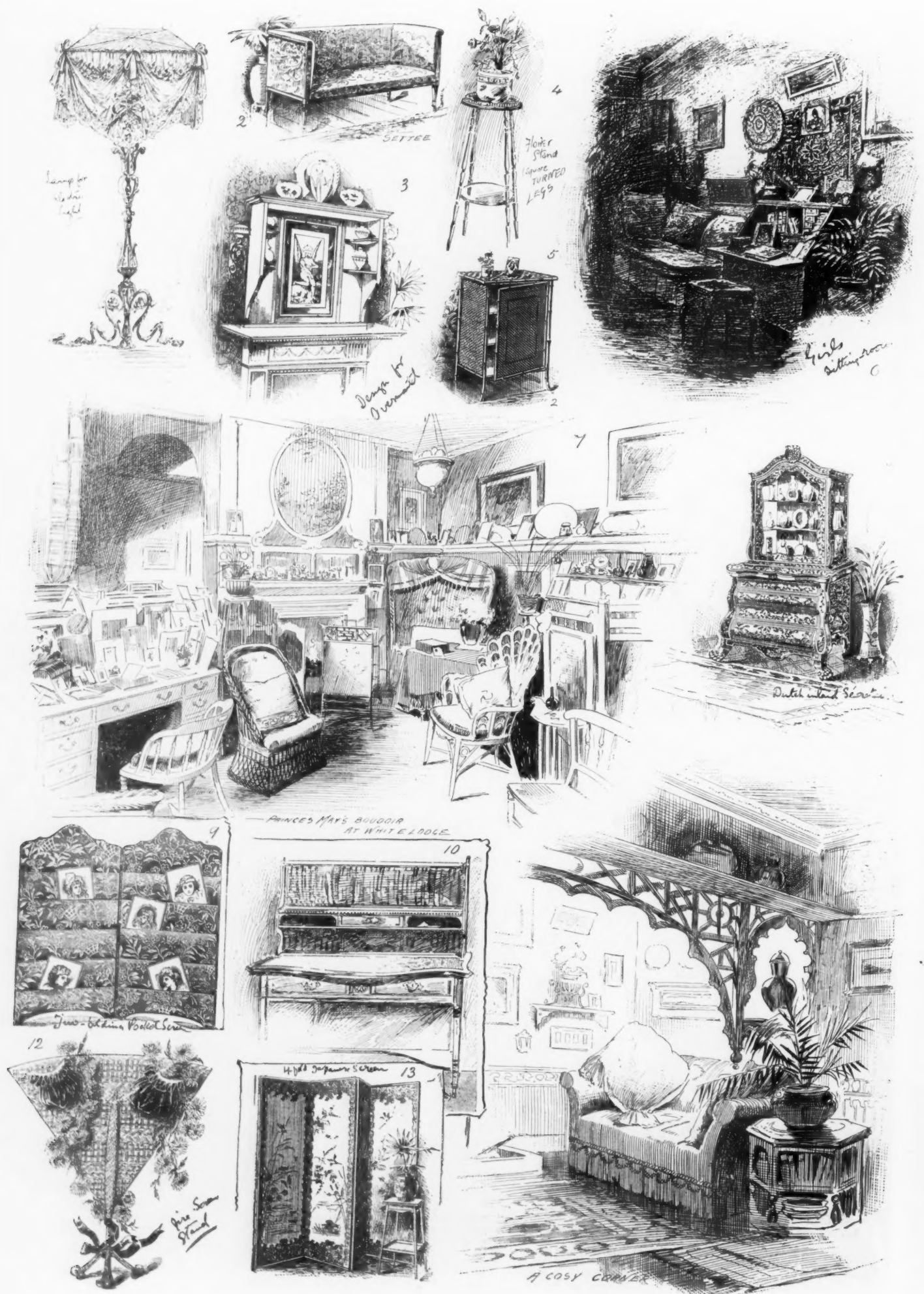


OPENING OF THE SESSION AT ALBANY—SCENES IN AND AROUND THE CAPITOL.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by BENGOUGH.—See page 11.)



UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF GENERAL HANCOCK IN THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.



ARTISTIC FURNITURE AND HOME DECORATION.

(See page 11.)

TO EXPEL SCROFULA

from the system,
take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the standard
blood-purifier and
tonic. It

**Cures Others
will cure you.**

UTOPIA UP TO DATE.—II.

THE citizens of Utopia live to what we would consider an advanced age. The reason is doubtless that they have no social, political and economic problems to wreck their mental powers and nervous systems over. Perfection was reached ages ago.

The incident I am about to relate happened in the seventeenth year of the reign of King Noman XXI., and the world was a few centuries younger than it is now.

At that time shares in an insurance company were considered "a very good thing." If there happened to be a year of heavy fire losses, rates were promptly advanced, but it took many years of good paying business before they were reduced.

One of the solid citizens had just paid the insurance on his home on the boulevard and on his warehouse at the waterfront. He felt conscious of an all-gone feeling in the region of the pocketbook, and decided to consult one of the sages and inquire if there was any remedy.

A few hours later he was crowding his bulky form through the narrow doorway of the humble home of the learned man. "Suppose, now," said the capitalist,

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

IMPROVED SERVICE TO CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS.

THE Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Limited, leaving New York 9.00 A.M., and the fast Express, leaving at 7.30 P.M., for Cincinnati and St. Louis, are now equipped with a complete Dining Car service, built expressly for these trains by the Pullman Company. Pullman Dining Cars are also attached to Royal Blue Line trains leaving New York 9.00 and 11.30 A.M. and 5.00 P.M. for Baltimore and Washington.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

SUPERB!

All who love the beautiful must watch with admiration the clear twilight of early morning, especially at that enchanting period when the sun is throwing a tinge of red on a sky of

TRANSPARENT WHITENESS.

Such loveliness can find no counterpart except in the radiant bloom which the use of

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

adapts to the complexion of every young lady who uses it. This

PEERLESS PURIFIER

removes every possible blemish from the skin, and makes the plainest face

PERFECTLY FASCINATING.

For Sale by DRUGGISTS in Town or Country.

Glenn's Soap will be sent by mail for 30 cts. for one cake, or 75 cts. for three cakes, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, New York City.

"that you owned some property, could you devise any means of avoiding the necessity of paying insurance?"

"What rate do you pay?"

"Almost one per cent."

"Is it profitable to the companies?"

"After deducting fifty per cent for operating expenses, the remainder pays the losses and dividends, and is piling up enormous reserve funds besides."

"Then buy a hundred buildings, and take your own chances."

"I haven't the means."

"Then join with others who can."

"Co-operative insurance was shown to be a failure as long ago as King Noman I."

"You misunderstand me. Join your separate holdings into one property."

"A trust!"

"Call it that, if you want to."

The advice of the sage was acted upon. A meeting of the heavy men was held, and a company formed. Each man was to sell his real estate and buildings to the company, and accept stock in payment. Buildings owned by the company were to be rented to the highest bidder, and the erection or purchase of new buildings was prohibited while any remained vacant.

At this point, what seemed an insurmountable obstacle arose. Each man valued his own property higher than any one else, and no one would accept the price offered by the valuation committee. In this dilemma the sage was consulted once more.

"Take the figures returned to the public assessor," was his terse advice.

So just a proposition could not be opposed by any one, and the company was put into practical operation.

The system developed advantages not anticipated by its promoters.

In case a man desired to sell, instead of being compelled to wait for a purchaser, or paying a real estate dealer a big commission, he merely stepped into the board of trade and offered his stock for sale, and the deal would be consummated in less than five minutes.

Did he desire a loan, instead of the tedious and expensive process of giving a mortgage, he simply offered his stock as collateral.

A man might know any day exactly how much he was worth by looking over the stock quotations in the newspapers.

The advantages became so apparent that everybody joined the company, and then another benefit appeared. Was a public improvement required—the directors of the company met and ordered it done, and the politicians had no finger in the pie.

Vacant lots ceased to be one of the principal features of the streets, it being against the policy of the company to open new districts while it had available lots on streets already graded.

The gas, water and transportation companies had a customer at every lot, which much reduced the cost of those necessities of city life.

In fact, new advantages are still being discovered, though generations have passed since the ashes of the sage who suggested the system were placed in the Abbey.

GIRLDOM AND GOSSIP.

"THE good men do lives after them."

And so of women. The village maid who saved France in the beginning of the fifteenth century is still a power in the minds of her grateful countrymen. A fresh tribute is about to be raised to her memory, in the shape of ten new windows—depicting the most notable scenes in her life—to be placed in the Cathedral at Orleans. The idea originated with Bishop Dupanloup some fifteen years ago, and designs are now being submitted for the windows. The first one will represent Joan listening to the heavenly voices, and the last will picture her execution.

A physician of note, writing in a recent number of a popular weekly, gives some interesting facts and observations bearing on the question of pre-natal influences. He has collected data from various authentic sources which go to prove that in many cases a child's physical and mental organization is powerfully affected before birth by the mother's disposition, surroundings, prejudices, etc. He cites one instance of a particularly aggravating character, in which a boy grew up to resemble a gardener for whom, during the period preceding the birth of the child, his mother had conceived a violent dislike. A more pleasing case is of a boy who, though lacking otherwise in mental quickness, displayed from his earliest years a facility for memorizing poetry. The peculiarity was attributed to the fact that his mother, while bearing the child, committed to memory long poetical works. It is well for all women to remember these things, not only with a view of preparing themselves for the solemn responsibilities of

"Disfigured For Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with

Unsightly skin diseases.

Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?

It means isolation, seclusion.

It is a bar to social and business success.

Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when

Doctors fail,

Standard remedies fail,

And nostrums prove worse than useless?

Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure or even relieve.

It is an easy matter to claim to cure them, but quite another thing to do so.

CUTICURA

Has earned the right to be called the Skin Specific—

Because for years it has met with most remarkable success.

There are cases that it cannot cure, but they are few indeed.

It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment.

25c. invested in a cake of

CUTICURA SOAP

Will prove more convincing than a page of advertisement.

In short,

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS.

And its cures are simply marvelous.

Now is the time

To take CUTICURA.

CURES made in WINTER

Are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 5c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

Send "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.



maternity, but also of helping to smooth the way of others during their time of trial. Excessive care should be taken to shield women about to become mothers from anxiety and vexation of any sort. Fretfulness or despondency will almost inevitably reappear in an irritable temper on the part of the child, whereas a calm and equable disposition, and a mind nourished with high and beautiful thoughts, will prove a priceless dowry to the offspring nurtured under such favorable conditions.

The efforts of fashion-mongers abroad to restore the Sedan-chair to popular favor have not been successful. The modern young woman not taking kindly to that romantic but precarious method of locomotion. Another use has been found, however, for the chair, utterly foreign to the original one for which it was built. The nineteenth century maiden has divested it of poles, fitted its interior with shelves and partitions, and now stores away music and magazines in its dainty recesses. Lined with plush and brocade of medieval colors and design, it becomes a pleasing variation of the ordinary prosy music-stand.

"Measures of Lawn" is the attractive title of an interesting and beautifully illustrated article, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, in a late number of the *Cosmopolitan*. It is a review of the history of feminine fashions, commencing with the fig-leaf "deeply lobed and indented, deliciously gray-green in color and of velvety texture" which Mother Eve, with unquestionable good taste, selected to be her first garment, and leading down to the extravagances in costume characteristic of later ages, including our own. The writer has a deep conviction that crinoline will play an important part in the near future of fashion, and that all the leagues and royal vetoes in the world are powerless to resist the mysterious authority which governs the wardrobe. Mrs. Pryor has woven threads of history and other book-lore into her "Measures of Lawn," making it, along with the colored prints which successfully illustrate it, one of the notable magazine articles of the month.

FREE—FREE A GRAND OFFER.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of the city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c., silver or stamps."

Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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DEAFNESS
Bronchitis, and
Consumption
CURED AT HOME.
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Dr. M. W. Case Carbulate of Tar Inhalant.

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EPILEPSY OR FITS.

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quick treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address. Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

FREE MUSIC 156 pieces, latest Sheet Music and charming illustrated Magazine 3 months; all for 10 cents; send silver dime. American Nation, Box 1729, Boston, Mass.

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George Washington took great delight in drinking Marie Brizard & Roger Annette with General Lafayette at his home in Mt. Vernon. For sale everywhere. T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HYPNOTISM. Its uses and abuses. The Sciences easily acquired. New Illustrated Book, \$1; 100-page pamphlet, 10 cts. Address: Prof. ANDERSON, O. W. 3, 182 State St., Chicago.

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MISSIONARY—"I have often wondered what became of my predecessor."
GENIAL CANNIBAL CHIEF—"Oh, he! He has gone into the interior."

When sick or "run down" in health, from any cause,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

WILL CURE YOU,
ESPECIALLY
SICK HEADACHE.

What a world of Misery is embodied in Sick Headache! Physical and mental anguish combined! Why WILL people suffer from this evil when they can free themselves from it permanently by the use of BEECHAM'S PILLS, which also cure,

**Torpid Liver
Constipation
Weak Stomach
Loss of Appetite
Impaired Digestion
AND ALL KINDRED COMPLAINTS.**

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. ALLEN, Sole Agents for United States, 380 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25c.—but inquire first.

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feeling better—better in every-way. There's more consolation in that than well people stop to ponder. To get back flesh and spirits is every-



Scott's Emulsion

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Scott's Emulsion will do more than to stop a lingering Cough—it fortifies the system AGAINST coughs and colds.

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Armour's

Extract of BEEF

Armour's Extract enables a poor cook to rival the "creations" of the most celebrated chef. Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

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For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' practical experience in dermatology. For sale by all Druggists. Send 10c. for a Sample Size Cake and 150 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty. Illustrated on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Pimples, Freckles, Superfluous Hair, and all Skin Blemishes.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 W. 42nd St., N.Y. Consultation free.

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A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$50.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 50 days only. Address THE NATIONAL WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Pamphlet, "How to be Beautiful," sent free.

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